

# Ypsilanti Commercial.

VOL. XV—No 44.

YPSILANTI, MICH., SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 1878.

WHOLE No. 772

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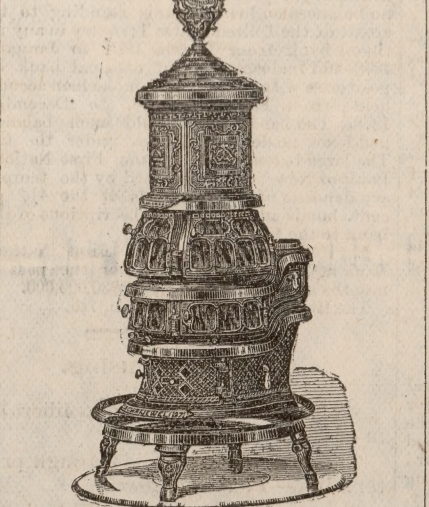
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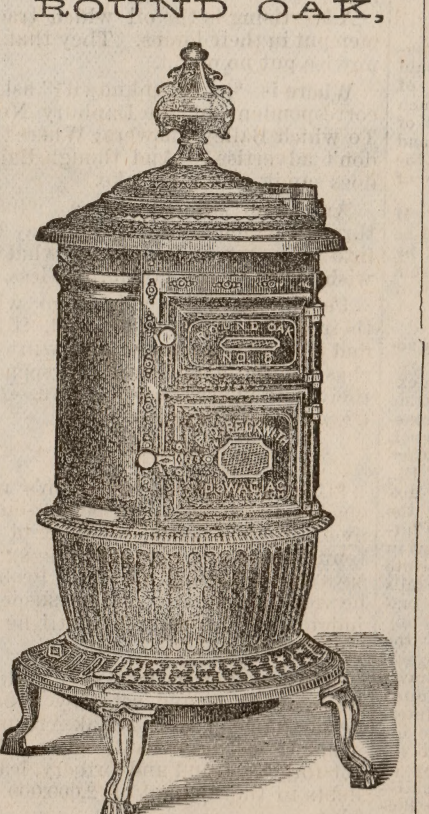


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**C. P. FELSCH, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.** Office at Depot, Masonic Block, over Drug Store. Residence, south side Mill St., Ypsilanti, Mich.

**F. K. OWEN, M. D.** Office at his residence, 35 Adams Street, Ypsilanti.

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### THE COMMERCIAL.

Published every Saturday morning, at the corner of Huron and Cross Streets, Ypsilanti, Mich., by

**CHARLES MOORE.**

#### HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The veil is dark, O Lord,

That hides the untrod way before my feet:

I cannot tell what messenger of Thine

I go to meet,

While near—near—

Cometh the young New Year.

Yet, Master, well I know

My way is Thine; and every burdening care

I trust with Thee; for I have walked last year

With angels, unaware,

So, without fear,

I wait Thy good New Year.

I cling to by-gone years,

For they were sweet to me; I loved them so!

That less than joy I feared; but now, Thy plan

I dimly know;

Now, with no tear

I mourn the dying year.

I know the loving hand,

That marked that thorny path I, following,

trod,

And for all lonely days, or weary nights,

I thank my God!

His presence near

Shall crown His good New Year.

For days of cloudless sun

I thank Him now, as low I kneel to-night.

The same wise will that marked a shadowed path,

Made dark things bright;

That power, near,

Shall guide the unknown year.

I bring to-night the work,

The poor, small work these hands have

weakly done,

This, and the by-gone days I bring to Thee,

And days that are to come,

Praying, "More cheer

Be mine, in this New Year."

Content to wait Thy will,

I go forth from Thy presence satisfied;

For in my heart Thy peace, with folded wings,

Shall still abide;

While, calm and clear,

Shineth the glad New Year.

#### PERIPATETICO.

OF "THE YEARS THAT ARE TOLD."

The generality of persons may entirely coincide with the Psalmist that "few and evil are the days of man's life," as well as with the leading school of German metaphysicians, that there could by no means be a worse world than this we live in, but they are, nevertheless, extremely ready to make plans for all sorts of future enjoyment, and to do all in their power to lengthen out their theoretically miserable existence.

So it is, that when the New Year dawns upon a thousand forms, it will find many friends in nine hundred and ninety-nine of them; friends who are ready to idealize its coming seed time and harvest, days and weeks and months, into beneficent geni, who may at any moment make their lives to blossom and burgeon anew. Then there is the traditional amount of good resolutions to be made, plans for improvement, regular schemes for the arrangement of time, and all the thousand and one new departures by which the average individual signalizes the death of the Old Year.

But, again, there are many to whom this season is not so much one of prospective pleasures and duties, as of a glance backward into the days gone from them. There are many hearts sad with sense of loss and trial, many repentant and regretful because of sin and fallings, who, while they look for better and brighter days to come, cannot yet forget that which has been. There are various and sundry classes of these back-lookers; the woman who rivals the historic Mrs. Wickam in mournful laments over the present depraved state of things, as compared with the past; the man who has that most troublesome bee in his bonnet to the effect that there are no such men and women now-a-days as there used to be. Now, it has become a very usual thing to compare the present and the past to the detriment of the former. The Peripatetic has even found itself indulging in sad reflections regarding the degeneracy of the times. It must be borne in mind, however, that we have not the means for informing ourselves regarding the crime and evil a few hundreds of years ago. It is also true that our fathers overflow with murders, thefts, and other crimes; but when we reflect that the first murder was committed on such comparatively small provocation and absolutely without precedent; that Jacob defrauded Esau when he had no "deficiencies" to make up; that the brethren of Joseph committed assault upon him simply because his clothes and general condition were rather better than their own; when we consider these things, and find that both the Bible and the classics show that the proportion of bad men to good was greater then than now, we are

somewhat inclined to think that the centuries between have done some good after all.

Politics are certainly in a depraved state, but it might be well for us to reflect that in ancient Rome any little uncertainties as to a correct count, or the right of office were settled by the sword, and if any man had a spite against another in authority, he simply sent an assassin round to look after him, instead of taking the more complicated way of stuffing the ballot box. Women gossiped and loved fashion as much in ancient Pompeii as to-day, and so the story goes, all the way down.

Finally, the Peripatetic has always found it an exceeding comfort to pin its faith to that trustful theory of Leibnitz, that all evil, black though it may be, cruel though it seem, is seeming only, and that it will finally work out for good, and the "peace-fruit of righteousness." This, surely, is all we can ask, and, if we ourselves can "look forward and not back; look out and not in; look up and not down," we shall surely find some day that the world is better, wiser, stronger; having learned her lesson of experience and profited by it, and by the help of every one of us in our own place. Thus, and only thus, believes the Peripatetic,

"Faith shall be justified

By and by."

#### ALL SORTS.

Senator Conklin is indignant that any one should think him a candidate for the Presidency—just yet.

Dr. Hagen, of Cambridge, a very learned "buggist," thinks the best remedy—there is no cure—for carpet beetles, is to expose the carpet to the sun and air before it is put down. The beetle is, so to speak, an exotic, and has been in this country but six years. A single carpet firm has the honor of bringing him here.

We would like to hear how many of the Greenbackers have their United States notes made up into fifty dollar bundles and their valises packed for New York, all in readiness to demand gold of the Assistant Treasurer. If we may believe some of their prophets the railroads will think that New York is having another Centennial.

At a recent meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, the Rev. Alexander McKenzie, one of New England's leading Congregational ministers, spoke as follows on the present trials of business men:

Then away, with so many arguments against it, will a man commit a dishonorable act? There are several reasons. In the first place there is the exceeding difficulty of doing business in these days. No class of men in the community is more deserving of pity now than our business men. They are bearing the burden of life and heat of the day. The hardest part of a professional man's work is the financial part rather than that which concerns his legitimate work. For one profession I ask no pity or commiseration. I do not think the ministers of New England are doing the hard work today. I look Sunday after Sunday upon men whose life, as compared with mine, is like toil compared with a boy's holiday. These wearing cares, the terrible shrinkings of property which a man had no right to anticipate, these calamities that a man would be a coward to expect, have come upon men and are burdening and crushing them in body and spirit. One great trouble is that men are not in their right places. They are crowded together and are struggling over a single loaf, instead of leaving it to one and going off after the others which may be found. There are too many of us trying to get a living by our wits, and as the old story goes, are failing for the want of capital, some of us. It would be a great advantage if every profession in Boston could be cut down one-half.

#### ITEMS FROM THE COUNTY PRESS.

From the Ann Arbor Register.

The profits arising from the Reform Club fair were about \$100.

The executive committee of the Washtenaw county Agricultural and Horticultural Society will hold a meeting on Saturday.

A railroad meeting will be held at Pinckney, on Friday, December 27, for the purpose of considering the extension of the Toledo & Ann Arbor railroad to Howell, by way of Dexter.

The following real estate transfers are reported:

Richard Scott to Elijah Graves, 44 acres of land in section 36, Augusta; \$1,000.

Geo. A. Hotchkiss to Mark and E. Van, lot 41, Jarvis' addition to Ypsilanti; \$1,000.

Albert Seymour to Ezra D. Lay, a piece of land on Prospect street, and also 96 acres on the south line of Towner street, Ypsilanti; \$2,000.

The Physician and Surgeon will be the name of a monthly magazine to begin its career in this city in January. The editorial staff will comprise the following members of the medical faculty of the University of Michigan: Managing editor, Victor C. Vaughan, Ph. D., M. D.; associate editors, A. B. Palmer, A. M., M. D., Donald McLean, M. D., J. W. Langley, S. B., M. D.; also, George G. Groff, S. B., M. D., of Pennsylvania. The first number will make its appearance about the fifteenth of January.

From the Ann Arbor Democrat.

The Ypsilanti Commercial never allows any flower to blush unseen in its way. Last week it published "Idyls of the Bar," the joint production of our friends Messrs. Babbitt and Whitman, of that city. In the future everything from the pen of these gentlemen will be published exclusively in the Democrat.

This is not the first time we have put Col. Burleigh on the track of exceptional talent.







## FOR THE CHILDREN.

### JOHNNY AND THE BEAR.

Once there was a little boy named Johnny. There are lots of little boys named Johnny, of course, but this one may be known from all the other Johnnies as the particular little Johnny who met a bear.

And this was the way of it: You see, he wanted to be a hunter. No stories but "animal stories" would do with Johnny, and the more savage they were the better it suited him. Bear stories were his favorites. Johnny took to bear stories as a duck takes to water, and he thought nothing would be so fine as to grow up and kill a bear.

The very first big boy he asked for was an Indian bow and arrow, and he used to creep-crawling through the woods and fields near his home, shooting at chipmunks and pretending they were bears, and popping away at blackbirds in the orchard and calling them eagles. When Johnny got to be twelve years old, what do you suppose he wanted, more than anything else in the world?

"Dunno. What?"

"Look into your own heart and guess, Master Charles: A shot-gun!"

"And did he get it?"

You wait and see. One day last summer his father sent him on an errand to a friend's house, two miles away from the village, on a farm. Of course Johnny couldn't go in the road, though that was the easiest way. But I love the fields so well that I don't blame him for going through them instead of along the dusty road.

When he got about half way there, he turned a little to one side to look at two big chestnut trees, and see how the nuts were getting along. Just before he reached them, there was a clump of tall blackberry bushes, and he stopped to see if there were any ripe berries. But other things love blackberries besides boys, and before Johnny could pick even one, the bushes opened, and out stepped an enormous great bear!

He wasn't one of the funny-looking little black bears, such as you see at the shows, but a big cinnamon bear, that stood full six feet high as he raised himself up on his hind legs and looked straight at Johnny with his sharp little eyes.

Well, I suppose there never was a boy so scared as Johnny was—not since the bears came out of the woods and made a meal of the young sauce-boxes that called good old Bajah names. Johnny was too frightened even to "holer," and as for running, he couldn't move any more than if he'd been stuck to the ground with Spalding glue. He just stood and looked at the bear, with his face pale, his eyes sticking out, and his hair all creep-crawly.

The bear didn't move, nor say anything in particular. He just kept his eye on Johnny, and opened his mouth with what the boy would have called a grin at any other time, and panted with the heat—holding his tongue out like a dog.

Johnny thought pretty fast, I can tell you, as folks do when in danger. He had heard the Bible story, and tried to remember if he had told anybody to "Get up, old bald-head." No, he hadn't; but he had called the schoolmaster "old soap-head," for taking his gum away, and thought perhaps that was most as bad; for the master was a very good man.

He was so scared he didn't know what he did say, but this was it:

"Please, Mr. Bear, don't eat me up."

The bear growled and shook his paw.

"Just let me off this time, and I'll never call anybody no names again,"

whispered Johnny. "If you will,"

said, brightening up, "I'll go straight home and bring you back a nice fat little pig—honest, now, I'm most all bones—honest, now, mother she calls me her 'wash-board' every time she scrubs my ribs: I run so much, she says."

The bear really laughed this time. He stretched his mouth, ran out his tongue and then stuck it in his cheek, rolled his little bright eyes, and then actually began to dance! Yes, to dance. Something between a waltz and a march, Johnny thought, for he—Johnny, and not the bear—had been a term in one of Mr. Walker's nice classes, and knew the steps better than his father did. Round and round the bear went, nodding his head, and bobbing his forepaws up and down like a Shaker.

If Johnny was scared before, he was astonished now. But speaking of running had made him think of his legs, and he thought it would be a good time to "leg it" when the bear's back was turned. He hadn't taken three steps, though, before he heard a terrible growl from the bear, and turning his head saw the creature on all fours, close after him.

"Hold up!" yelled Johnny, "I was just going to get some more of the feller to see the show!"

"U-r-g-h!" said the bear.

"All right," said Johnny.

Then the bear stooped down and picked up a long stick, raised himself on his hind legs again, and held the stick tight by his side with one forepaw, and hung the other straight down, just as Johnny had seen soldiers do with their muskets on dress parade. Then he passed the stick to the other side, and then "presented arms" by holding it straight out with both paws.

"No! no!" cried Johnny, who had watched the bear's actions very closely "you may be sure I won't shoot you. I ain't got any gun yet, but I'm said he'd buy it next year, when I'm thirteen."

"Oh, no!" said Johnny, louder still this time, "I won't ever have any gun or shoot anything!—honestly I won't!"

The bear fairly capered at this. He danced faster than ever, and ended up by standing on his head.

Johnny had to rub his eyes to make sure he wasn't dreaming.

But the bear came down on all fours, and picking up a little willow basket, which Johnny hadn't seen before, marched straight toward him.

This time Johnny found his voice, and screamed like a locomotive.

Just then a dark-complexioned, dirty-looking man rose up from a hollow under the trees, just out of sight, and came running towards them.

"Here you! Emperor!" he called, in a sharp voice, "come here this minute or I'll beat you! What for you runs away, eh? You rascal!"

The bear stopped and the man snapped a stout chain into a collar that had been hidden in his shaggy hair around his neck, clapped on a stong muzzle over his nose and strapped it tight, and then cuffed the bear's ears soundly, saying:

"You must watch ven I sleep. If you slip your chain again, you Emperor, I gif you no supper!"

And the showman and his trained bear, who had performed for Johnny all the tricks that he knew, s'posing he was an audience, started for the road to continue their travels, while little Johnny, forgetting all about his errand, scampered home.

He says the promise don't count, and he will grow up and shoot a bear.

"Yes—but don't take a tame one, Johnny," slyly says his mother.—*Golden Rule.*

### The Children.

There are few persons who are not attracted by well-behaved children.

On the other hand, no picture is more wanting in beauty than a group of surly, sour, and selfish specimens of diminutive humanity.

We all have seen both classes located on the same street, and belonging to the same strata of society, and equally favored by the comforts and advantages of life.

What has caused the difference? Who is responsible for turning loose upon society these last specimens of young manhood and womanhood to mar the social fabric, and rob life of its domestic charms? There is something wrong, and somebody is to blame.

The world is full of remedies, and yet they have not been applied, or else have been so administered as to make the recipient worse than better.

One father takes Solomon literally, and applies the rod. Another scoffs the maxim, and both alike fail.

The trouble is that parents and teachers have not time to train children.

Half the fathers in Chicago are unacquainted with their boys, and only know their daughters by sight, and from the fact that they pay shopping bills, music lessons, etc. They are too busy in the counting-room, with professional labor, or at their daily work, to attend to children, and the latter will grow, anyway.

Many fathers even think it desirable for their boys to "sow wild oats." Those who are more honest in their convictions, and take time and opportunity to correct the faults of their children, do it so arbitrarily, and without explanation, as to arouse indignation, and leave the child worse than before.

The command says to the child, "Honor thy father and mother," and in the same connection is the injunction of equal force, "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath." The judge upon the bench who metes out penalties and consigns men to prison and punishment without waiting for evidence, or upon a partial hearing, does not deserve half the condemnation, nor does he do the injury to society that the fathers do who train their children by brute force alone.

We often forget that children are men and women in miniature, in body, and soul and thought.

What man or woman likes to be driven? Who likes to receive an order when a request could be made as easily?

What man would respect his superior if he kept a rod above his desk and used it in ebullitions of anger to enforce his orders? The fact is, we carry a great deal more sense into our business and into our dealings with other people's than we often do into our own.

Good people fail in this; people who want to do right fail. And so, as the children grow up to manhood and womanhood, the young man does not go to the father and confide in him, nor the daughter to the mother to make known her secrets.

This is the history of too many homes, written in sorrow and with blinding tears. If we could speak to the home circles to-night, where father and mother and little ones are gathered, we would beg them to make no such history possible in their case.

Resolve that home ever shall be the brightest, merriest, happiest spot of earth, and, each keeping the resolution, it will be so.

Of all places, the father should be politest seated in his own home. No mother makes a grander mistake than when she forgets the most delicate etiquette in the presence of the little ones who learn to read her thoughts before utterance.

If you see a boy thoughtful and gentle of speech to his sister, set it down that he has heard those very intonations from his father's lips when addressing that boy's mother.

Hear that daughter snarling out some pettish response, and you may set it down as the echo of the mother's words. No doubt children inherit bodily disease and mental qualities, but these more often are made a misery or a blessing by the impressions received from superiors while in childhood.

A child cannot always be easily trained to be polite from principle; and yet it is a grand accomplishment. There is a way of saying, "I thank you," "You are very kind," "Allow me to assist you," that makes one feel he is in the presence of refinement.

We never witness the rosy, healthy miss arise and ask the old, gray-headed man, tottering upon his cane, to take her comfortable seat, without mentally taking off our hat and bowing reverently to the mother at home who trained that girl.

Boys and girls who, from principle, are trained to politeness, are walking libraries, and educate more and better than is known.—*Inter Ocean.*

Olive Logan says that the Princess Louise is very pretty, and adds, "What do you think I believe? That she loves her husband dearly and he her?"

And then she goes on to say, "What a charming young hero of romance she looks to-night with his fairest blonde hair and small side-whiskers, his slight yet manly figure, enwrapped in the dark, long ulster trimmed with fur.

Viewed as a picture, he is a lover such as a young girl's fancies lightly turn in love-compelling spring." Oh! oh!

Prof. Cook followed with an exceed-

## THE FARM.

### Michigan State Bee-Keepers' Association.

The annual meeting of this association was held at Grand Rapids December 4th and 5th. Beside the officers of the society about one hundred members were present. Below is a condensed report of the proceedings, and from time to time there will be presented to readers of the HOMESTEAD valuable articles which were read before the association.

#### "ESTABLISHING AN APIARY,"

by James Heddon, of Dowagiac, was the first article. This gentleman thought the apiary should be located at least six miles from any other place where bees are kept, on account of danger of overstocking.

In selecting a site great attention should be given to the pasturage for the bees; particularly to the amount of white clover, basswood, buckwheat and fall flowers.

In the general discussion which followed the fact was presented that the raspberry is one of the most valuable honey-producing plants, and also that Northern Michigan, where it abounds in connection with basswood and fall flowers, is better adapted to bee-raising than the more southern portions of the peninsula.

A resolution stating that Northern Michigan offers unusual inducements to bee-keepers was passed, and a committee appointed to collect information relative to the matter.

[Remarks by Apiary Editor.—

When thinking of establishing a large apiary the natural honey resources of the country should be carefully looked to, but those who keep a dozen or two dozen colonies need not fear that honey will be lacking for their bees to gather even if a few of their neighbors keep a like number.

This fear of overstocking is magnified. The finest honey writer ever saw was gathered from raspberry blossoms, while he was engaged in bee culture in Western Michigan.]

#### "BUILDING AN APIARY,"

was then discussed. Dr. Southard, of Kalamazoo, advised artificial swarming, while Mr. Hetherington, of East Saginaw, preferred to prevent swarming and only increase by purchase.

#### COMB FOUNDATION.

Secretary Bingham, of Abonia, then read a paper entitled "Comb Foundation, favoring its use."

#### MARKETING HONEY.

The subject of "Marketing Honey" was discussed by Pres. Cheney, Prof. Cook, Messrs. French, Steele, Felker, Heddon, Mr. Baker, and others.

Mr. Steele, of Elk Rapids, said there was very little good honey to be seen in the groceries of Grand Rapids. Where he found one nice sample of honey he saw five that were simply detestable.

He said the bee-keepers do not put up the honey in good marketable shape, and the dealer never properly advertises or takes care of it.

But few dealers can show honey put up in good shape, while in any grocery neat packages of tobacco, handsomely painted and labeled brooms and other goods can be found.

He urged producers to put up nice packages and advertise it so that consumers will seek for it.

Prof. Cook then read a paper on the subject of "Dollar Queens." He had advised in the "Manual of the Apiary," all who wished queens to "send to some reliable dealer and ask for a queen worth at least five dollars."

It is the mania now to rear and sell cheap queens. These are reared, must be reared, without care, and will prove very cheap.

It is a question if any more sure way could be devised to injure stocks than the dollar queen business, which is now so popular.

It is quite probable that much of the superiority of Italian bees is owing to the care and careful selection in breeding; either black or Italian bees thus treated will augment the value of our apiaries.

The tendency of the dollar queen business is to disseminate the inferior queens, many of which will appear in every apiary. These should be killed, not sold, yet many an apiarist will think even the poorest queen worth a dollar.

My friend, Mrs. Baker, of Lansing, bought a dollar "Albino" queen last summer which was not worth a cent. I think it behooves apiarists to think of this matter, and see if dollar queens are not very dear.

I have thrown away \$3 on them and have concluded to pay more and buy cheaper in the future. Breeders should be encouraged to give apiarists the best; to study the art of breeding and to never send out an inferior queen.

In this may we hope to keep up the character of our apiaries and the reputation of Italians, else we are safer under the old system, where "natural selection" retained the best by the "survival of the fittest."

Mr. Newman, in an animated speech, condemned the dollar queen business, and said queens that can be furnished for a such a sum are worthless.

A resolution of thanks to Prof. Cook for his essay was adopted, after which a resolution discouraging the sale of dollar queens as detrimental to the interests of beekeepers, was adopted by a unanimous vote.

T. G. Newman, Esq., the esteemed editor of the *American Bee Journal*, was elected an honorary member of the association.

"Hives, Implements and Supplies," was announced as the next topic for discussion, to which the convention gave its attention until the hour of adjournment arrived.

#### ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

On Dec. 5th, the first business transacted was the election of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted as follows:

President—Hon. A. B. Cheney, of Sparta Center.

Vice Presidents—George E. Steele, of Elk Rapids; W. B. Southard, of Kalamazoo; and James Heddon, of Dowagiac.

Secretary—T. F. Bingham, of Abonia.

Mr. T. G. Newman, of Chicago, then delivered a very entertaining and able address on "Honey as food."

Prof. Cook followed with an exceed-

ingly valuable paper on the "Grape Sugar Controversy," written by Dr. R. E. Kedzie, of the State Agricultural College, interspersing the statements with personal remarks, very apt and pertinent.

This article will appear at length. Its author has completely demolished the practice of using glucose for stimulative feeding. This is right.

The President then read a paper from Mr. Fisk Bangs of North Lansing on "Honey Plants" in which he took strong grounds in favor of Chinese mustard, or black mustard, as a honey plant.

He gave his own experience: He says it makes fine honey, the best according to Prof. Kedzie, ever made. He sows seed, or drills it in, cultivates it early to keep down the weeds, and later the plants kill out the weeds.

He regards it as a very fine weed exterminator.

Prof. Cook talked further on "Honey Plants." He desires apiarists to have beds of flowers near their hives, to keep bees busy in the "dry season" along in July and August.

He says it will stimulate the bees and increase the breeding. He recommended the black mustard, catnip, and motherwort—the latter if the honey it makes is good—Cleome or "Rocky Mountain Bee Plant," Mignonette, etc.

Dr. Southard followed and spoke very highly of catnip as a honey plant. He referred to Alsike clover, but does not prefer it to white clover. He also spoke of melilot, and calls it one of the most valuable honey plants.

He would "cut it back" in June, from the 15th to the 30th, to get the flowers late, from July 15th to the time of frosts. He will sow three to four acres of it the coming year.

Mr. L. S. Benham, of Olivet, had a good word for borage.

Mr. Heddon was an enthusiast on the subject of melilot clover, and would recommend putting it in waste places, along the road sides. It is not in danger of being a pest.

Many others took part in the discussion and made it very pleasing and practical.

The President read a valuable paper on Bee Culture in Southern California, written by Mr. M. S. Baker, of San Morico.

It was an enthusiastic article in favor of the Golden State as a locality for apiarists. Brief discussion followed on the merits of different parts of our country for raising honey, in which several members took part.

The subject of "Wintering Bees" was discussed at length.

An article prepared by Frank Benton, of Detroit, and entitled "Comparative Merits of Different Races of Bees," was read, and the following preamble and resolutions in relation to exotic bees were adopted by the Association:

Whereas, We feel the deep importance of the subject so ably presented by Frank Benton, of Detroit, of some plan of obtaining the various species or races of exotic bees; and whereas, we feel that in the importation of some of these bees there are very great possibilities of harm to our native bees; therefore

Resolved, That the following committee, President Cheney, Frank Benton, and H. M. Roop be appointed to take into consideration, and, if possible, to devise some practicable scheme, whereby we may obtain information of the various species of foreign bees, and if desirable secure their importation into our State and apiaries.

Resolved, That the committee bring the same subject before the National Convention at the next meeting.

The Society decided to hold but one meeting per year, and Jackson was selected as the place for the next meeting.

The annual report of the State Land Commissioner, J. B. Haviland, showing the business of his department for the year ending September 30, 1878, has just been issued at Lansing.

This report shows that during the year 89 miles of road have been placed under contract at a cost of \$76,082, and 38 miles of roads and ditches have been built and accepted by the State, for which \$70,350 have been paid.

The total number of acres of swamp land which has been licensed as homestead up to the close of the year is 135,684 acres.

Up to September 30, 1878, there have been 3,207,203 acres of swamp land patented to the State in the Lower Peninsula, from which there have been reserved on roads and other contracts, 39,089 acres; licensed to homesteads, 129,230; reserved to the Agricultural College, 6,917; leaving a total of 443,332 acres still in the market in the Lower Peninsula.

The number of acres patented to the State in the Upper Peninsula is 2,654,532. From this amount there is held in reserve for the Marquette, Sault Ste. Marie and Mackinac Railroad Company, 1,326,965 acres; for the Menominee River Railroad Company, 111,751 acres; for the Day's River and Bays du Noc State road, 20,406 acres; for a railroad from L'Anse to Houghton, 60,845, and licensed to homestead settlers, 6,454, leaving a total of 100,321 acres in the Upper Peninsula belonging to the State and undisposed of.

#### 1879.—THE—1879.

### MICHIGAN FARMER

Will inaugurate the new year by many important and useful additions to its specialities. We have made arrangements with the following well known writers for regular contributions to our columns during the coming year:

T. T. LYON, President State Farm Society; Prof. W. A. BEAL, State Agricultural College; Prof. R. J. JENNINGS, Veterinary Surgeon; Mr. F. BENTON, Apiarist; Mr. E. W. COTTELL, Stock Breeder; Mr. G. G. GULLEY, Fruit Grower; C. HENRI LEONARD, Jr., M. D.

We shall spare no pains to make the FARMER the best agricultural paper, for Michigan farmers, published, every interest pertaining to the farm, the orchard and the garden, will be discussed in a plain, practical manner.

We shall expend considerable money in giving our readers a good, reliable and popular paper, believing that such a journal will always command the support and encouragement of the farmers of the State.

Market Reports a Speciality.

The price of the paper will be \$2 per year, out of which we pay postage. This is less than four cents per week, and is as cheap as a good agricultural paper can be published.

We shall endeavor to make the FARMER a speciality.

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# THE COMMERCIAL.

See to Do Right—To Do Wrong, Never.

Before another week shall have elapsed, the resumption of specie payments will be an accomplished fact. Experience will soon have shown the worth or worthlessness of the speculations of financial prophets. It is worth while now to look back over the road we have been travelling, to see how we came to enter the devious path of paper money, and what were the results of our choice.

In the Fall of 1861, the New York, Boston and Philadelphia banks agreed to loan the government \$150,000,000 in gold, and to take in exchange therefor bonds of the United States. The only means the banks had to replenish their specie was to sell the bonds. The news of the capture of Mason and Slidell reached this country from England December 21, and with it came the tidings that England was preparing to go to war in defense of the rights of neutrals. Not only did the bonds not sell, but a drain upon the specie began. The banks of the Northern States, therefore, on behalf of their creditors, suspended specie payments, December 30, 1871. For the first nine months the war was carried on on a specie basis.

At the opening of the new year, everything looked dark. On the 9th of Dec., 1861, Mr. Chase had reported that the war expenditures for 1861 amounted \$500,000,000, and the expenses now reached a million and a half per day. Added to this, there was very little money in the treasury. Mr. Chase proposed a large issue of demand notes, but the state of the treasury did not allow them to be made convertible into gold. He also suggested a system of national banks. Spaulding, from the Ways and Means Committee, introduced a legal tender bill which was reported by the Committee Jan. 7, 1862. The bill passed the House, Feb. 6, and so pressing had the demands upon the treasury become that Mr. Chase wrote to the Senate committee strongly urging the passage of the bill. Charles Sumner, in an eloquent speech, supported the constitutionality of the bill as a war measure, and he derived the authority of Congress from the war clause in the Constitution. Mr. Fessenden, chairman of the Finance Committee, thought the legal tender provision unnecessary, but stated his intention to vote for it; but Mr. Collimore, of Vermont, thought the provision unconstitutional, and utterly refused to vote for it. The bill passed the House by a vote of 76 to 47, the Senate by 22 to 13.

By June 1, 1862, all the first issue of greenbacks were spent, and still the bonds did not sell. Military operations were expensive, and the revenues were scanty. A second issue was proposed. Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, and Mr. Pomeroy, of New York, pointed out the danger of a rise in the gold premium which had appeared after the first issue of greenbacks. Mr. Chandler introduced a bill providing that no more notes be issued. But Congress decided to make a clear addition of \$100,000,000, and at the same time the denomination of the notes was extended to the dollar bill.

The increasing premium on gold brought about an unforeseen result. The debased silver small change maintained in circulation by the short supply, was driven out by the cheap paper money. Postage stamps and omnibus checks passed for small change, the merchants (and among them in this city were W. B. Hewitt and D. Showerman) issued copper coins stamped with their business cards. Congress then issued fractional notes embellished with pictures of postage stamps and known as postal currency, and in 1863 made provision for a regular issue of fractional currency. Until December, 1862, Congress continued to argue the question whether have United States notes depreciated; but the question was settled when it was found by the government that, while purchasing power of gold remained the same here as abroad, three-fourths of the chief articles of consumption had risen in value estimated in paper. Imports now began to increase rapidly, and gold was sent abroad to pay for them. Nation and people alike were contracting debts.

At the end of 1862, military operations had been unsuccessful, and the nation settled down to a long war. The want of success in the field caused a political reaction; the administration majority was diminished, and the fear that it might be wholly swept away, caused the administration to provide for carrying on operations without a special session of Congress. The Act of March 3, 1863, known as the Nine Hundred Million Loan Act, provided for the expenses for the rest of 1863 and for 1864. Meantime the treasury being entirely empty, \$100,000,000 had to be issued hastily for the payment of the soldiers in the field.

By the provision authorizing the exchange of greenbacks for bonds, the bonds could never rise above par, and sale was, therefore, slow. To provide a remedy for such a state of affairs, Congress annulled this provision, and employed Jay Cooke & Co. to advertise and negotiate the bonds. The result of the battle of Gettysburg and the capture of Vicksburg now restored public confidence. The tide had turned. By October \$220,000,000 of the bonds had been taken, and by January, 1864, an addi-

tional loan of \$11,000,000 had to be made to meet the subscriptions. The interest on these bonds was at six per cent., but paper had so far depreciated that the interest, which was paid in gold, was equal to nine per cent., the lowest price at which the loan could be placed, as was afterwards seen by the failure of the five per cent. loan, and Mr. Chase's retirement from the Cabinet.

Three influences were felt in the premiums on gold. The first and most powerful was the issues of paper money, with which issues the premiums in the long run very nearly coincided. When Sherman captured Atlanta the news was marked by a heavy fall in the price of gold, but when he disappeared in the wilds of Georgia gold immediately rose again. Besides the success of the Union arms, the speculations in Wall Street caused sharp daily fluctuations. The only influence on prices was the issue of paper money.

In July, 1864, Mr. Chase resigned and was succeeded by Mr. Fessenden. The Union victories now made people look for a speedy peace. The internal revenue and the tariff were now large enough to pay the interest on the bonds and still leave a large amount for the payment of the debt. When Mr. McCollough took the treasury portfolio, he was in favor of bringing the greenbacks to a par with gold by the retirement of a part of them. The Senate, the House and the people favored this project at the outset, and as, at the close of the war, business generally was on a cash basis, then was the best time for a return to specie payments. Mr. McCollough withdrew between sixty and eighty millions of legal tenders, but an increase of over sixty millions in the national bank circulation, prevented any considerable contraction, while the fall in prices neutralized the decrease in the amount of money. Congress, however, at first checked and afterwards stopped the retirement of legal tenders.

When Congress revoked the authority to retire greenbacks, we were left with a paper currency fixed in amount. The business of the country demanded all the currency then in circulation, and more too. As business—or rather speculation—increased the bank reserves began to melt away. There was no other means of replenishing them except by refusing to discount new bills. Stocks, the security for loans, fell and then speculators bought largely, thereby restoring greenbacks to the market and advancing the price of stocks. So lucrative a business did this looking up of greenbacks become that some banks aided in the operation and shared the profits.

All this time the bubble of credit had been expanding until, in the Summer of 1873, the bank reserves were down to twenty-five per cent. of the liabilities. The collapse of railroad speculation excited a suspicion against railroad stocks, the favorite collateral of the banks. As railroad stocks declined the city banks had no means of meeting the demands of their depositors, the country banks. So great were these demands that, from Sept. 20, to Nov. 1, the New York banks suspended payment in paper. The legal tenders outstanding were hoarded by people who had wages to pay or by the savings banks. If the scarcity had been one of gold instead of paper, we could have sold our goods abroad at some price, and gold would have flowed in. As it was, a restoration of confidence was necessary. The government tried to mend matters by buying bonds for greenbacks, but the savings banks, by selling a small part of their bonds, locked up all reissued greenbacks. Twenty-six millions of greenbacks were reissued, but no relief came. Then the revenues fell off because we were too poor to buy abroad.

How hard it has been to restore confidence and to get back to a healthy way of business every one knows. Now the exports are largely in excess of the imports, business is slowly reviving, and when, on Wednesday next, resumption becomes operative, we shall have taken the last step in a journey long, devious, and perilous. That we have escaped so easily is a subject for congratulation; that we may profit by the lesson such bitter experience has taught is devoutly to be hoped.

**ADVANCED PHYSICIANS.**  
Many of the more advanced physicians, having found Dr. Pierce's Family Medicine prompt and sure, prescribe them regularly in their practice.

**TWINVILLE, Tenn., May 28th, 1876.**  
Dr. R. V. FLECK, Buffalo, N. Y.:  
Dear Sir—For a long time I suffered with catarrh. I finally called in Dr. Zachary of this place. He furnished me with your nasal Donche, Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and your Golden Medical Discovery. These remedies speedily effected an entire cure. Yours truly, JOHN S. CHAMBERS.

**A CASE OF 27 YEARS STANDING.**—Insley Jewett, No. 15 Avon Place, Boston, says: "I have suffered, and sometimes severely, for twenty-seven years from dyspepsia. During that time I had the best medical advice, and tried the effect of dieting, traveling, farming, and various other kinds of exercise, but without receiving permanent relief. I became very feeble, and my stomach at length rejected every kind of food, even rice-water. In January last I commenced taking the Peruvian Syrup, and found immediate benefit from it. In the course of three or four weeks I was entirely relieved from my sufferings. Since then I have enjoyed uninterrupted health. I recommended the Syrup to one of my friends who had suffered severely from neuralgia. He took one bottle of it, which relieved him at once; and, not having had any return of the disease, he considers himself permanently cured." Sold by all druggists.

## REPORT OF THE CONDITION

### FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

At Ypsilanti, in the State of Michigan,  
At the close of business, Dec. 6th, 1878.

| RESOURCES.   |              |
|--|--------------|
| Loans and Discounts  | \$162,742 03 |
| Overdrafts   | 4,389 13     |
| U. S. Bonds to secure circulation                                    | 75,000 00    |
| U. S. Bonds on hand  | 1,600 00     |
| Other Stocks, Bonds, and Mortgages                                   | 4,600 00     |
| Due from approved Reserve Agents                                     | 12,468 55    |
| Due from other National Banks  | 14,857 22    |
| Real estate, furniture, and fixtures                                 | 11,821 49    |
| Current expenses and taxes paid                                      | 776 72       |
| Treasury paid  | 50 41        |
| Checks and other Cash Items  | 123,441 45   |
| Bills of other Banks   | 3,739 00     |
| Fractional currency (including nickels)                              | 175 00       |
| Specie (including gold treasury certificates)                        | 28,596 90    |
| Legal-Tender Notes   | 29,422 00    |
| Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (five per cent. of circulation) | 3,375 00     |
| Due from U. S. Treasurer, other than five per cent. redemption fund  | 509 40       |
| Total  | \$344,414 70 |

| LIABILITIES.                          |              |
|---------------------------------------|--------------|
| Capital Stock paid in                 | \$75,000 00  |
| Surplus fund                          | 25,000 00    |
| Undivided profits                     | 5,749 05     |
| National Bank notes outstanding       | 48,500 00    |
| Individual deposits, subject to check | 123,430 40   |
| Demand certificates of deposit        | 60,332 25    |
| Total                                 | \$344,414 70 |

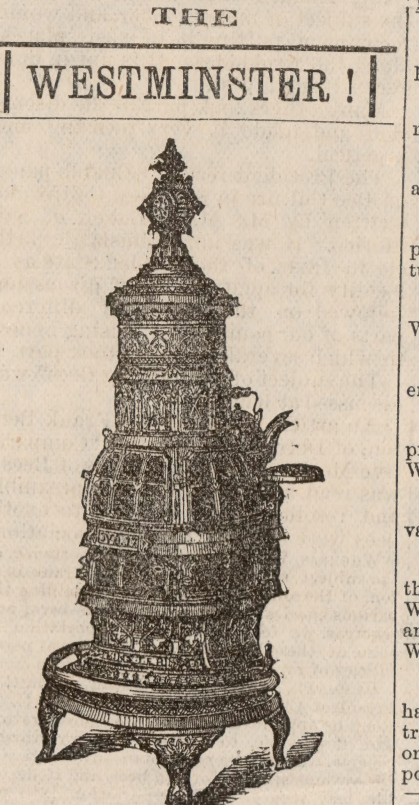
STATE OF MICHIGAN, ss.  
I, F. P. Bogardus, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above Statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of December, 1878.

F. W. HAWKINS, Notary Public.  
Correct. Attest

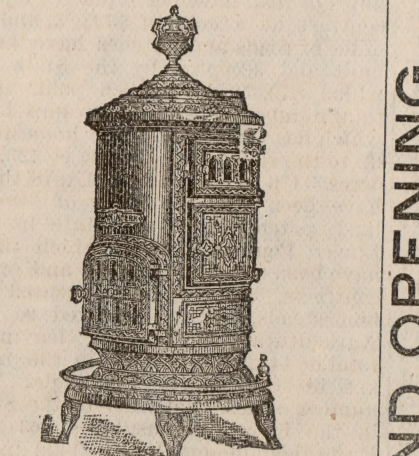
I. N. CONKLIN,  
EDGAR BOGARDUS,  
D. L. QUIRK,  
Directors.

GET THE BEST  
THE  
WESTMINSTER!



AN ENTIRE NEW BASE BURNER  
FOR 1878.

A FULL LINE OF  
COTTAGE  
—AND—  
HEATING STOVES!



THE  
FAVORITE  
IS THE BEST  
COOK STOVE

In the world,  
FOR SALE AT SAMPSON'S.

A good assortment of  
HEAVY AND SHELF HARDWARE.

—THE—  
WELCOME  
CLOTHES WRINGER,

Powder, Shot, Caps, etc., etc. Stoves  
Blackened and set up at short notice, at

J. H. Sampson's,

No. 17 HURON ST.,  
YPSILANTI, MICH.

## FURNITURE

—AND—

UNDERTAKING  
ESTABLISHMENT!

23 Congress St., 23.

Wallace & Clarke

PRICES MARKED DOWN!

BE SURE AND SEE OUR GOODS BEFORE BUYING!

WALLACE & CLARKE.

—Wallace & Clarke furnish camp chairs and lunch tables for wedding parties and entertainments

—Handsome French Walnut Ladies' and Gents' Secretaries, \$10, \$12, and \$15, at Wallace & Clarke.

—Wallace & Clarke have a first-class upholsterer.

—Wallace & Clarke have a large stock of bed room sets, and are selling them very cheap, call and see them.

—Wallace & Clarke have marble top bed room sets for \$50.

—Wallace & Clarke have a large stock of feathers and comforters.

—Wallace & Clarke are selling feather pillows for 75 cents each.

—Have your hair and wool mattresses made new at Wallace & Clarke's.

—Have your sofas and lounges made new at Wallace & Clarke's.

—Wallace & Clarke have a large lot of picture frames, mouldings, mats and pictures, and are selling them very cheap.

—New styles parlor and bed room sets at Wallace & Clarke's.

—Raw silk parlor suits and patent rockers at Wallace & Clarke's.

—Ladies! for all the latest styles and low prices in foot rests for Christmas, call on Wallace & Clarke.

—Patent rockers and easy chairs in great variety cheap at Wallace & Clarke's.

—The excelsior weather strip keeps out the cold, excludes rain, snow, dust, etc. Will save its cost in fuel. The cheapest and best weather strips in the market, at Wallace & Clarke's.

—Wallace & Clarke are opening a line of handsome dollar goods for the Christmas trade, such as hobby horses, express wagons, wheel-barrows, children's toys, wall-pockets, fancy tables, etc.

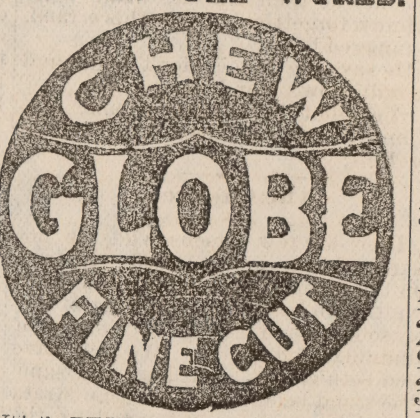
## WANTED!

An active, reliable man as Agent for Ypsilanti and vicinity, of the

CONN. MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.  
of Hartford, Conn. This Company, the largest but one in the world, has disbursed to policy holders, in death claims, endowments, dividends, etc., nearly Seventy Million, and has today assets amounting to nearly Fifty Millions of dollars. Being purely Mutual it furnishes insurance at EXACT COST. Strong, Safe and Economical.  
Address with references,  
HODGES BROTHERS,  
Detroit, Mich.  
Gen'l Agents for Mich., Wis. and Ontario.

PATENTS  
LAW AND PATENTS.  
THOS. S. SPRAGUE, Attorney and Counselor-at-Law in Patent Cases, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, 21 Congress St. West, Detroit, Mich.  
The only responsible Patent Office in the State.  
733-784

BEST IN THE WORLD.



It is the BEST because it is manufactured from the finest selected and fully matured leaf, as denoted by the rich red color (no coloring compounds or other injurious substances being used to obtain every color).

It is the MOST ECONOMICAL because it gives a rich sweet pleasant solid and lasting chew, and will go further than any other brand in the market.

"If you try it," "You'll always buy it."

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

MANUFACTURED BY  
Walker, McGraw Co.  
DETROIT.

750yl

WYOMORE

A BLOOD, BRAIN AND

NERVE FOOD.

The most powerful vitalizing nerve tonic and invigorator known: a sovereign cure in all nervous diseases, heart disease, exhausted vitality, broken-down constitution, dyspepsia, weakness of the kidneys, bladder, urinary organs, arresting seminal and prostatic affections, restoring nervous and debilitated systems to health and vigor. Price \$1.50 and \$2.00. Sold by first-class druggists. FARRAND, WILLIAMS & CO., General Agents, Detroit.

USE DR. SCOTT'S CELEBRATED  
PINKETTES. THE BEST IN USE.

25 Visiting Cards, neatly  
printed, for TEN CENTS,  
at the "Commercial" Office.

Larger quantities at proportionately low rates. The best bristol board stock used—either white or tinted, as desired.

The New York Sun—1879.

The Sun will be printed every day during the year to come. Its purpose and method will be the same as in the past: To present all the news in a readable shape, and to tell the truth though the heavens fall.

The Sun has been, and will continue to be, independent of everybody and everything save the Truth and its own conviction of duty. That is the policy which has won for this newspaper the confidence and friendship of a wider constituency than was ever enjoyed by any other American journal.

The Sun is the newspaper of the people. It is not for the rich man against the poor man, or for the poor man against the rich man, but it seeks to do equal justice to all interests in the community. It is not the organ of any person, class, sect, or party. There need be no mystery about its policy. It is for the honest man against his loves and hates. It is for the honest man against the rogues every where. It is for the honest Democrat as against the dishonest Republican, and for the honest Republican as against the dishonest Democrat. It does not take its cue from the utterances of any politician or political organization. It gives its support unreservedly when men or measures are in agreement with the Constitution and with the principles upon which this republic was founded for the people. Whenever the Constitution and constitutional principles are violated—as in the outrageous conspiracy of 1876, by which a man not elected was placed in the Presidency, and where he still remains—it speaks out for the right. That is the Sun's idea of independence. In this respect there will be no change in its programme for 1879.

The Sun has fairly earned the hearty hatred of racials, fanatics, and humbugs of all sorts and sizes. It hopes to hold that hatred less in the year 1879 than in 1878, 1877, or any year gone by. The Sun is printed for the men and women of to-day. It has both the disposition and the ability to afford its readers the promptest, fullest and most accurate intelligence of whatever in the wide world is worth well-established posterity will be liberally employed.

The present disappointed condition of parties in this country and the uncertainty of the future, lend an extraordinary significance to the events of the coming year. To present with accuracy and clearness the exact situation in each of its varying phases, and to expound, according to its well-known methods, the principles that should guide us through the labyrinth, will be an important part of The Sun's work for 1879.

We have the means of making The Sun, as a political, literary, and a general newspaper, more entertaining and more useful than ever before; and we mean to apply them freely.

Our rates of subscription remain unchanged. For the DAILY SUN, a four-page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, postpaid, is 55 cents a month, or \$5.50 a year; or including the Sunday paper, and eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 cents a month, or \$7.70 a year, postpaid.

The Sunday edition of The Sun is also furnished separately at \$1.20 a year, postage paid. The Sunday Sun, in addition to the current news, presents a most entertaining and instructive body of literary and miscellaneous matter, in bulk twice as great as the daily issue. The WEEKLY SUN to-day is probably read by more farmers than any other paper published. A choice story, with other carefully prepared miscellany, appears in each issue. The weekly protects its readers by barring its advertising columns against frauds and humbugs, and furnishes more good matter for less money than can be obtained from any other source.

The price of WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, fifty-six columns, is \$1.10 a year, postage paid. For clubs of ten sending \$10 we will send an extra copy free. Address  
I. W. ENGLAND,  
Publisher of The Sun, New York City.

New Advertisements.

rowell-771-774

A GREAT OFFER FOR HOLIDAYS!

We will during the HOLIDAYS dispose of 100 PIANOS & ORGANS, at EXTRA-ORDINARILY LOW prices for cash. SPLENDID ORGANS 23-5 sets of reeds \$65, 3 sets with Sub Bass and Coupler \$80, 2 sets \$50, 1 set \$35. 7 Octaves at R. NEWBOLD PIANOS \$130, 7-8 do \$140. Warranted for SIX years. AGENTS WANTED. Illustrated Catalogues Mailed. Music at half price. HORACE WATERS & SONS, Manufacturers and Dealers, 40 E. 14th Street, New York.

## LITTLE ROCK HOMES

AND  
FORT SMITH RAILWAY. IN WESTERN ARKANSAS.

No section of the country offers parties intending to change their residence such advantages as may be obtained in the beautiful Valley of the Arkansas, between Little Rock and Fort Smith. While the South has suffered terribly from sickness during the past summer, Western Arkansas has never been more healthy. Lands sold on easy terms. For pamphlets and further information apply to W. D. STACK, Land Commissioner, Little Rock, Ark.

SUCCESSFUL FOLKS.

Malheur Hale Smith's New Book.

1000 prominent persons—men and women—analyzed. Steel Portraits of A. T. STEWART, Vanderbilt, Bennett, and others. THE TIME for sensation of the season. Now is the time for securing this to secure territory. Address for agency, circulars, and terms, American Pub. Co., 118 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

SWEET'S BEST NAVY

Chewing Tobacco

Awarded highest prize at Centennial Exposition for fine chewing qualities and excellent and lasting character of sweetening and flavoring. The best tobacco ever made. Its rich blue strip trade-mark is closely imitated on inferior goods, see that Jackson's Best is on every plug. Sold by all dealers. Send for sample, free, to C. A. JACKSON & CO., Mfrs., Petersburg, Va.

AGENTS WANTED.—For the best and fastest selling Pictorial Albums and Bibles. Prices reduced 35 per cent. Address Nat. Pub. Co., Chicago.

\$7 A day to Agents canvassing for the Fire-side Visitor. Terms and outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

25 Fancy Cards, with name, 10c. plain or gold. Agents outfit, 10c. 150 styles. Hull & Co., Hudson, N. Y.

30 Mixed Cards, Showplace, Damask, &c., no 2 alike with name, 10c. J. Minkler & Co., Nassau N. Y.

40 MIXED CARDS, with name, 10c. Agents outfit 10c. L. JONES & Co., Nassau N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Send for our Select List of Local Newspapers. Sent free on application. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

Mounting CHROMOS. ADVERTISING CARDS, ETC.,

Mounted in any style at New York prices. It will pay all to whom it may concern to get prices before going elsewhere.

DETROIT PICTURE FRAME FACTORY, 34 and 36 Awater St. East. 700-771

Ayer's

Sarsaparilla

For Scrofula, and all scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Eruptions and Eruptive diseases of the skin, Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Blotches, Tumors, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Leucorrhoea, arising from internal ulceration, and Uterine disease, Syphilis and Mercurotic diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, General Debility, and for Purifying the Blood.

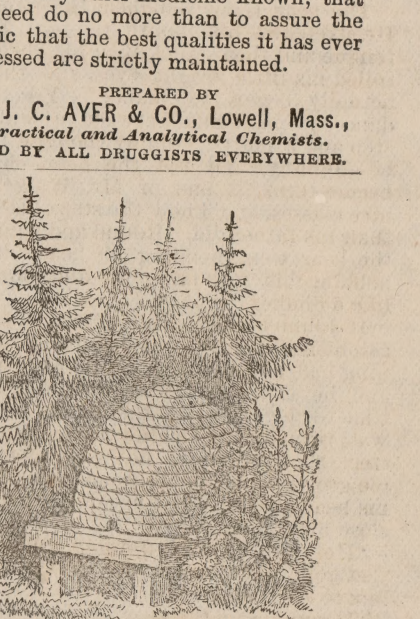
This Sarsaparilla is a combination of vegetable alteratives—Stillingia, Mandrake, Yellow Dock—with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most efficacious medicine yet known for the diseases it is intended to cure.

Its ingredients are so skillfully combined, that the full alternative effect of each is assured, and while it is so mild as to be harmless even to children, it is still so effectual as to purge out from the system those impurities and corruptions which develop into loathsome diseases.

The reputation it enjoys is derived from its cures, and the confidence which prominent physicians all over the country repose in it, prove their experience of its usefulness.

Certificates attesting its virtues have accumulated, and are constantly being received, and as many of these cases are publicly known, they furnish convincing evidence of the superiority of this Sarsaparilla over every other alternative medicine. So generally is its superiority to any other medicine known, that we need no more than to assure the public that the best qualities it has ever possessed are strictly maintained.

PREPARED BY  
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,  
Practical and Analytical Chemists.  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.



HALE'S

HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR

FOR THE CURE OF

Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, and all Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs, leading to Consumption.

This infallible remedy is composed of the HONEY of the plant Horehound, in chemical union with TAR-BALM, extracted from the LIFE PRINCIPLE of the forest tree ABIES BALSAMEA, or Balm of Gilead.

The Honey of Horehound SOOTHES AND SCATTERS all irritations and inflammations, and the Tar-balm CLEANSSES AND HEALS the throat and air passages leading to the lungs. FIVE additional ingredients keep the organs cool, moist, and in healthful action. Let no prejudice keep you from trying this great medicine of a famous doctor who has saved thousands of lives by its large private practice.

N.B.—The Tar-Balm has NO BAD TASTE or smell.

PRICES 50 CENTS AND \$1 PER BOTTLE.  
Great saving by buying large sizes.  
"Pike's Toothache Drops" Cure in 1 Minute.  
Sold by all Druggists.  
C. N. CRITTENTON, Prop., N.Y.  
127 772



## Local Matters.

SATURDAY, Dec. 28, 1878.

### YPSILANTI POST OFFICE.

#### MAILS ARRIVE.

East—9 and 11:30 A. M., 6:30 P. M.  
West—11:30 A. M., and 6 P. M.  
Hillsdale—6 P. M.

#### MAILS CLOSE.

East—10:30 A. M., 5 P. M.  
West—10:30 A. M., 6 P. M.  
Hillsdale—8:15 A. M.

My heart, I cannot still it,  
Is a nest with song-birds in it;  
And when the last shall go,  
The dreary days to fill,  
Instead of lack or linnet  
Will bring dead leaves and snow.

And were they sparrows only,  
Without the passion stronger  
Of joy that soars and sings,  
Woe's me, I shall be lonely  
When I can feel no longer  
The impatience of their wings.

[From "A Masque of Poets." Attributed to James Russell Lowell.]

—In another column will be found the advertisement of the Detroit Free Press. Citizens of Michigan feel justly proud of the wide reputation the Free Press has won for itself; and men of both parties find it always a faithful

—map of busy life.  
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns."

READINGS.—A very good audience assembled in Batchelder's hall upon the evening of Dec. 30, to listen to readings by Miss Jennie Cross, of Detroit, and Miss Allie Wise, of Ypsilanti. These young ladies, who are both pupils of Mrs. Edna C. Noble, of Detroit, gave several recitations, in which the honors seemed quite evenly divided. Miss Cross recited the "Soliloquy" and "Charlie McCrea" especially well; in the last of which pieces her voice was very full and clear. Miss Wise rendered "The Face Against the Pane" very sweetly. We should judge her voice best adapted to that style of recitation. Prof. Pease, Miss Joslin and Miss Chamberlin kindly varied the entertainment with music, and the ladies of St. Luke's church and society desire to return their most sincere thanks to these ladies, and to Prof. Pease, for their services, so gracefully rendered, and pecuniarily so successful.

WHEN DOCTORS AGREE.—The University fracas has been settled. Dr. Franklin apologizes as follows:

"I regret that I have been in any sense related to the publication of any articles in the public papers reflecting on the interest and management of any department of this university, as I am now convinced that I should rather place any cause of grievance which may exist before the constituted authorities of the institution."

Dr. McLean is equally penitent:  
"I conceive it to be due to you and to the people of the State that I express my deep regret for the unfortunate collision between Dr. Franklin and the undersigned in the hospital. I sincerely desire to act a peaceable and honorable part, and promote, as the best of my ability, and with the limited means at my disposal, my whole duty in the hospital."

Then Regent Rynd "points with pride":  
"Resolved, That after a careful review of the complaints made touching the management of the University hospital, we are satisfied that the hospital is managed with care and ability and that the house surgeon is doing his duty faithfully with the means at his disposal."

"Resolved, That, while we regret the late unfortunate collision which occurred in the hospital between Profs. Franklin and A. C. McLean, and shall should occasion recur (which we believe will not be the case), advise the Board to inflict severe punishment upon any University official who may be the cause of any further disturbance, yet we point with satisfaction to the great work which is being done by the hospital in the interests of humanity."

A Register or two ago, this same Regent, in language sublime, said that there was to be no "whitewashing" in this case. Now he dips his brush deep into the pail, and "we regret the late unfortunate collision." Here endeth the second lesson.

THIS WILL PAY.—Many times the small cost will be returned to every person, in the country, or village, or city, who supplies himself and family with the plain, practical, reliable, useful, paying information given in the *American Agriculturist*. It was so named because started thirty-seven years ago as a rural journal, but is now greatly enlarged in size and scope, and profusely illustrated, so that it meets the wants of all classes—of cultivators of the smallest plots, or of the largest farms—of housekeepers and children—of owners of cattle, horses, sheep, and swine—of fruit growers, florists, builders, mechanics, etc. From 600 to 800 original engravings in every volume, bring right to the eye and understanding, many useful, labor-helping and labor-saving contrivances, largely home-made, and for outdoor and indoor work; also plants, animals, construction of dwellings, etc., etc. These numerous engravings make this journal greatly superior to every other one treating on the same subjects. The persistent, caustic exposures of humbugs and swindlers are of great value to all its readers. Over \$25,000 a year are expended in collecting useful and interesting information and engraving, the benefit of all which can be enjoyed at the reduced price of only \$1.50 a year, post-free; or four copies at \$1.25 each, or ten copies at \$1 each. A specimen copy, 10 cents. Try it a year. It will pay. Published by Orange Judd Co., 244 Broadway, New York.

N. B.—A copy of Marshall's magnificent Steel Plate Engraving, "The Farmer's Pride," is delivered free to every subscriber of the *American Agriculturist* who sends twenty cents extra to cover cost of packing and postage.

## THE GREATEST REMEDY KNOWN.

DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY for Consumption is certainly the greatest medical remedy ever placed within the reach of suffering humanity. Thousands of once hopeless sufferers, now loudly proclaim their praise for this wonderful Discovery, to which they owe their lives. Not only does it positively cure Consumption, but Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Hoarseness and all affections of the Throat, Chest and Lungs yield at once to its wonderful curative powers as is by magic. We do not ask you to buy until you know what you are getting. We therefore earnestly request that you call on your Druggist Frank Smith and a trial bottle free of charge, which will convince the most skeptical of its wonderful merits, and show you what a regular one dollar size bottle will do. For sale by Frank Smith.

### "NOTHING LIKE IT."

The fact that nearly all the diseases of the Throat and Lungs can be cured by the Great English Cough Remedy is now proved beyond a doubt, and the enormous sale which the Great English Cough Remedy has reached conclusively shows that the public have great faith in this Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. Every bottle is guaranteed, or money refunded by Dr. H. VanTuyt.

### A REMARKABLE FACT.

It makes no difference how many Physicians, or how much medicine you have tried, it is now an established fact that German Syrup is the only remedy which has given complete satisfaction in severe cases of Lung Diseases. It is true there are yet thousands of persons who are predisposed to Throat and Lung affections. Consumption, Hemorrhages, Asthma, Severe Colds settled on the breast, Pneumonia, Whooping Cough, &c., who have no personal knowledge of Boschee's German Syrup. To such we would say that 50,000 dozen were sold last year without one complaint. Consumptives try just one bottle. Regular size 75 cents. Sold by all Druggists in America.

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHEPARD, 145 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

### I WISH EVERYBODY TO KNOW.

Rev. George H. Thayer, an old citizen of this vicinity known to everyone as a most influential citizen, and Christian Minister of the M. E. Church just this moment stopped in our store to say, "I wish everybody to know that I consider that both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure." It is having a tremendous sale over our counters and is giving perfect satisfaction in all cases of Lung Diseases, such as nothing else has done.

Drs. Machett & France,  
Bourbon, Ind., May 15, 1878.  
Sold by F. F. Ingram. 765ylalt

### NO DECEPTION USED.

It is strange so many people will continue to suffer day after day with Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Constipation, Sour Stomach, General Debility when they can procure at our store SHILOH'S VITALIZER, free of cost if it does not cure or relieve them. Price 75 cents. Sold by Fred F. Ingram.

### LOCAL AND BUSINESS NOTICES.

—Warm candies at Vandercook & Bro.'s.

—McElcheran & McAndrew have the latest styles of foot rests.

—Go to M. Vandercook & Bro. has a fine lot of Fruit and Toys.

—Mc. & Mc. resat cane chairs.

—Santa Claus filled Frank Smith's store this time as never before, and oh! so cheap!

—Go to M. Vandercook & Bro. if you want the worth of your money.

MERCHANT TAILORING.—Mabley, the enterprising clothier of Detroit, has in connection with his immense and varied business a custom tailoring department, which is among the largest and best conducted in the country. It is under the personal supervision of Mr. A. Guest, with Mr. Thomas Keveney as "boss cutter." It makes a specialty of all wool cassimere pants for \$5.00, \$6.00 and \$7.00 each, and business suits which range from \$20 to \$28 each. Mr. A. K. Sweet, the well known shirt cutter, is also connected with the house, and a heavy trade is carried on in all sorts of shirts, of their own manufacture. Neat laundered shirts are sold at 60 cents. Aprons, and the finest made to order at the rate of six for \$7.00.

—If you want anything in the way of camp chairs, call on Mc. & Mc.

All the nobby styles of Caps are to be found at C. S. Wortley & Bro's.

—M. Vandercook & Bro. have the finest candies and mixtures in the city.

—You can get anything in the furniture line at McElcheran & McAndrew's.

Albums, a large assortment. You will save money by getting my prices before purchasing. Fred F. Ingram, opposite depot. 781

—Go to M. Vandercook & Bro. for good, Fresh Oysters.

—You can get walnut writing desks cheap at McElcheran & McAndrew's.

—C. S. Wortley & Bro. employ a first-class cutter, who knows how to make clothes in the latest styles.

—For lounges, sofas and parlor goods go to Mc. & Mc.

—Have handsome Hats that come from C. S. Wortley & Bro's.

—Camp chairs to rent for all social gatherings, at McElcheran & McAndrew's.

If you want Clothes or Hair Brushes, Combs, Toilet Soaps, or Holiday Goods, you will save money and get the bottom prices by calling on Ingram, opp. depot. 81

—Mc. & Mc. have a large stock of marble top tables very low.

—At a less price than ever before you can buy your clothes at C. S. Wortley & Bro's.

—Deer-head stands and tile brackets for Holiday trade, at McElcheran & McAndrew's.

—Boys' Suits and Children's suits at C. S. Wortley & Bro's.

Irish Linen note heads at the Commercial office.

—Mc. & Mc. do all kinds of upholstering at reasonable rates.

A handsome cut glass Bottle given away with every ounce of perfume at Ingram's, opp. depot. 781

—There never was a larger stock of goods at C. S. Wortley & Bro's.

—McElcheran & McAndrew keep feathers and all kinds of mattresses.

Paper of good quality at 50cts a quire and everything else proportionately cheap at Ingram's, opp. depot. 731

Reflect that in every cemetery 1/3 of the silent tenants are the victims of neglected Coughs and colds; and if you are thus afflicted, avoid their fate by resorting at once to Hile's Honey of Horehouna and Tur an immediate, agreeable, and certain means of cure. Sold by all druggists. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute.

Box Paper from 10c a box upwards at Ingram's, opp. depot. 781

Chevy Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

—Hats—Caps—Clothes—at C. S. Wortley & Bro's.

QUERY: "Why will men smoke common tobacco, when they can buy Marburg Bros. 'Seal of North Carolina,' at the same price?" 721-772

—Bring Bright Boys to C. S. Wortley & Bro's and have them suited.

—If you have the Asthma, go to our popular druggist Dr. H. VanTuyt and procure a bottle of the Great English Cough Remedy. It is warranted.

—Children's Cute Clothing at C. S. Wortley & Bro's.

—Three or four doses of Great English Cough Remedy is warranted to relieve the worst case of sore throat you can produce. Sold by H. VanTuyt.

### YPSILANTI MARKETS.

Corrected weekly by O. A. AINSWORTH, Commission and Forwarding Merchant.

APPLES, per bbl, 75@81.00  
BUCK FLOUR—\$3.00.  
BEANS—60@81.00.  
BUTTER—13.  
CORN—38@40 per bush.  
CLOVER SEED—\$3.50 per bush.  
CHICKENS—Dressed, 5@7. Live, 4 Eggs—16.  
HAY—\$8.00@10.00 per ton  
HIDES—5c.  
HONEY—In cap, 20  
HAMS—8@9.  
LARD—The market stands at 8@9.  
ONIONS—50 per bbl.  
OATS, NEW, 20@25.  
PORK—In bbl, \$8.00  
POTATOES—40@50.  
TIMOTHY SEED—\$1.60  
TURKEYS—Live, 7@8.  
WHEAT, EXTRA—90.  
" No. 1—85.  
BUCK WHEAT—50.

### MARRIED.

LAIRD—COGGSWELL.—At Galesburg, on the 13th of July, by Rev. J. Estabrook, SAMUEL B. LAIRD, of Newaygo, and IDA COGGSWELL, of Galesburg.

YOUNG—KELLY.—On Christmas evening, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. J. Estabrook, ROBERT G. YOUNG, of Augusta, and E. ALICE KELLY, of Ypsilanti.

### DIED.

HAYES.—In Ypsilanti township, Sunday, December 8, Mrs. FLORENCE HAYES, aged 26 years.

That once loved form, now cold and dead,  
Each mournful thought employs;  
And nature weeps, her comforts fled,  
And withered all her joys.

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,  
When what we now deplore  
Shall rise, in full immortal prime,  
And bloom to fade no more.

MORSE.—In this city, Dec. 23, 1878, JULIA A., wife of S. B. Morse, aged 63 years and 6 months.

Mrs. Morse's death was sudden and unexpected, as she had not been ill enough to require the attention of a physician. It is supposed that shock and exposure, caused by the fire at her late residence, did much to hasten her death. She died in good hope of receiving the reward of the righteous.

### Local and Special Notices.

SMOKE G. B. F. CIGARS, Warranted Pure Havana Filler and Binder, the best cigar in the city. Sold only by A. Guild, Tobaccoist, No. 9, Huron Street.

TO THE TAX-PAYERS OF THE CITY OF YPSILANTI. You are hereby notified that the tax rolls for 1878, are now in my hands and the taxes thereon levied can be paid to me, at the First National Bank, at any time before the 1st day of January, 1879, without any charge for collection; and five per cent. collection fees will be charged and collected upon all taxes remaining unpaid on said first day of Jan. Ypsilanti, December 10, 1878.

F. P. BOGARDUS, City Treasurer.

## NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE DETROIT, HILLSDALE & SOUTH-WESTERN R.R. CO.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Detroit, Hillsdale & South-Western Railroad Company for the election of directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may regularly come before such meeting, will be held at the office of said company in the city of Ypsilanti, on Thursday, the fourteenth (14th) day of January, 1879, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day.

ELIJAH SMITH, Secretary.

BAND WAGON FOR SALE. In accordance with instructions from the Common Council, I will sell at public auction, Saturday, December 21, 1878, at 2:00 o'clock, P. M., on the corner of Congress and Washington streets, the Band Wagon now owned by the City of Ypsilanti.

Dated, Dec. 10, 1878.

D. W. THOMPSON, City Marshal.

WHY WILL YOU pay 60cts for Tobacco when you can get the same for 50cts per pound at Guild's. Call and see.

770-773

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS. The regular annual meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Ypsilanti Michigan, for the election of Directors will be held at said Bank in Ypsilanti, on the second Tuesday of January, 1879 (Jan. 14, 1879), between the hours of 10 A. M., and 4 P. M., of said day.

Dated at Ypsilanti, Mich., Dec. 10, 1878.

F. P. BOGARDUS, Cashier.

NOTICE.—The public are cautioned against going to, or purchasing goods (because of the extreme low prices at which they are offered) at the Detroit Gift Tea Store, opp. P. O.

SEE THOSE LAMPS, those Tea-Setts—well everything is sold so low that it is a wonder where they come from. Fifty per cent. can be saved by buying of H. R. Rankin.

A FINE ASSORTMENT of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Slippers for the holidays, just received by Hewitt & Champion.

VASES, LAMPS, LOOKING GLASSES, Picture Frames, Toys, and most anything one wants, given away with Tea and Coffee at the Detroit Gift Tea Store, opp. P. O. A rare way to get Holiday presents.

NOBBY STYLES of Gentlemen's Fine Shoes. A new stock at Hewitt & Champion's.

THE RUSH STILL CONTINUES at the Detroit Gift Tea Store. Every one is satisfied with the goods and the way business is done. We guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

FACT.—We keep the largest stock, the best assortment, do the most durable work, and sell at the lowest prices. Call and see for yourselves. Hewitt & Champion.

POWER, RESONANCE, DURABILITY evenness of action, found in the Billing's Upright Piano only. Sold by CHAS. E. SAMSON.

LADIES GIPSEY BUTTON and Side Lace Boots in kid and goat—a new stock—just received by Hewitt & Champion.

RICHARD MILLER, TAILOR, Huron Street, one door north of W. R. Hewitt's residence. Any one wishing work done in my line, will do well to bring their goods and have them cut and made. Work warranted to give satisfaction and prices low.

WHY DO PEOPLE GO TO THE Detroit Gift Tea Store for Tea and Coffee? Because everything is nice and fresh, and they are sure of getting sixteen ounces for a pound.

FIFTEEN BILLING'S UPRIGHT PIANOS ordered by CHAS. E. SAMSON.

MEN'S, BOYS' AND YOUTHS' BOOTS of superior quality, at very low prices at Hewitt & Champion's.

THE TUBULAR BAR places the Billing's Upright Pianos ahead of all others. Sold by CHAS. E. SAMSON.

A LARGE STOCK of Ladies' and Misses' Button Arctics and other warm lined goods of new styles at Hewitt & Champion's.

10 C.—COCOA SHELLS make the most healthy beverage in the world. Try them. Only 10cts per lb., at the Detroit Gift Tea Store, Opp. P. O.

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE of Glycerine Dressing, warranted not to injure the finest kid, just received by Hewitt & Champion.

5 C.—PEARL STARCH only 5c per lb. at the Detroit Gift Tea Store, Opp. P. O.

IF YOU WANT A STYLISH PAIR OF Boots or Shoes made, or an old pair repaired at reasonable prices, call on Hewitt & Champion.

35 C.—"COIN" BAKING POWDER 35c per lb. Absolutely pure. The best in the world. For sale only at the Detroit Gift Tea Store, Opp. P. O. Try it once and you'll use none other.

THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY in New England, the State Assayer of Massachusetts, after a careful analysis of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer certified that it is the best preparation for its intended purpose that has been exhibited for examination, that its contents are pure and carefully selected for excellent quality, and that it forms an efficient preparation for promoting the growth of the hair and restoring the original color. This world-renowned preparation is for sale by all druggists.—Record, Red Oak, Iowa.

C. S. W. BALDWIN, Dentist, Rooms over Post Office, Ypsilanti, Mich. Hours 8 to 12 A. M., and 5 to 6 P. M.

WATCH, CLOCK, AND JEWELRY REPAIRER AND CLEANER. Satisfaction guaranteed. At A. H. Haskin's bakery, at the Depot. JOHN BIDDLE. 729

THAT IS SO. WHAT?

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FRUITS,

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SATURDAY MORNING'S  
COMMERCIAL.

YPSILANTI, DEC. 28, 1878.

NASBY.

MR. NASBY GIVES HIS IDEAS OF THE  
ELECTIONS IN THE SOUTHERN  
STATES.

CONFEDERATE X ROADS,  
(Wich is in the State of Kentucky),  
December 1, 1878.

The Radikels uv the North are git-  
tin excited over the "Solid South," and  
are agin commencin to persekoot us uv  
the former slave States, wich made a  
struggle for our rites, but was crushed  
out by the iron heel uv despotism un-  
der the tinent Linkin.

Wat does the North want? That's  
the question—wat does it demand uv  
us?

Suppose the South has sent up a sol-  
id Democratic Congressional delega-  
shun? Suppose there ain't a mizable  
Radikel from any of the Southern  
States in Congress? Suppose—wat's  
the yoose uv supposin. Does the North  
know that we uv the South are living  
among a people wich yooseed to furnish  
us with bread and summers at Saratog-  
y? Does the North know that the tinent  
Linkin emancipated them people, and  
put em out from under our control,  
and that they are in condishin to do  
ez they please? Nay, more. Does the  
North know that them people kin vote,  
and hev jist ez much say about pol-  
ities and things ez we hev?

These things shoob be considered.  
The North shoob remember that we uv  
the South—I mean the white men—are  
a sensitive people, and hev feelings.  
We can't git down to the level uv a  
common man to wunst. We hev bin  
eradled in the lap uv luxury. We hev  
bin yooseed to hev our work done for  
us, and hev bin accustomed to livin by  
the sweat of other people's brows. It  
is not to be supposed that we kin ac-  
cept so radikel a change ez bein com-  
pelled to go work ourselves, without a  
protest.

We make our protest in our own  
way.

By the result uv the war the nigger  
wuz given the ballot. All rite, he hev  
the ballot. We don't believe he  
ought to hev it, but ez the Fifteenth  
Amendment gives it to him, we accede.  
We hate the amendment, but ez it is  
law we yeel. We are law-abidin citi-  
zens. And so we give to the Afrikin  
his rites, and lay (own quietly) to him.  
He kin vote as much as he pleases, and  
ez freely as anybody. Kin the North  
ask anything more?

Still we hev our way of regulatin  
wat we consider evils. Here in the  
Cross-Roads our method is very simple.

Joe Bigler and Pollock wuz off buyin  
a car load uv mules. They wuz not  
here on eleeshun day, and consekently  
we wuz not in terror uv Bigler's re-  
volver, or Pollock's tongue. We  
knowed they cood not get back in time  
to vote, or even to marshal the five  
hundred niggers that have the franchise  
at these poles. Therefore we proposed  
to send up a complete and clean Demo-  
cratic offishary from this precinct, and  
at the same time obey the law. We  
respect the law.

The nigger hev the rite to vote. We  
understand that and respect it. But  
there must be limitashuns. He may  
vote—the law sez that—but the law  
don't say how heshel vote. That is for  
us. We determine that. We are the  
roulin class, and the inferior class must  
be guided by the superior intellekt  
that don't like to work. Ef we could  
hev trusted the nigger we woud hev  
done it, but we coodent. We knowed he  
hed a predeleeshun for radikelism, and  
wuz, ez a rool, opposed to appropri-  
shuns. He cood not be trusted with  
the ballot without gidanse.

Wat did we do? Joe Bigler and  
Pollock wuz away buyin mules, and  
the niggers were without their leaders.  
Then we organized. We notified 'em  
that they shoob vote—that we didn't  
want to interfere with their rites, but  
that they must vote according to our  
yoshens. We sed to em ez follows.

"Yoo are entitled to the ballot under  
the laws. We don't approve uv the  
laws, but they are laws and we shal re-  
spect 'em. Far be it from us to break  
laws, or in any way interfere in their  
proper excooshens. Yoo shal vote.  
Yoo shal exercise the rites uv citizens.  
Every one uv yoo who wants to vote  
step up. We will give yoo a Democratic  
ticket and yoo shal vote it. Ef yoo  
refooze to vote that ticket we shal im-  
mediately perced to blow the top uv  
yoor hed off. We want the utmost free-  
dom uv opinyun, and the ballot box  
shal be inviolate, pervided yoo vote  
rite. We shal say wat is rite. Yoo  
don't go and complaine that yoo hev  
bin refoosed the privileges uv an  
Amerikin citizen."

The niggers come down and attempt-  
ed to vote. We had shot-guns and na-  
vy revolvers and stood at the poles.  
Ez they filed up, we demanded a site  
uv the tickets they perposed to vote,  
and ef it was our ticket, it went in all  
right. Ef it was any other ticket, the  
presumpshus retch wich offered it hed  
the top uv his hed blown off, immejit-  
ly, ez a warnin to others. We coodent  
stay foolin about, wen our rites was  
involved.

Uv course, the result wuz a clean  
Democratic vote. Ther wuz no Rad-  
ikel tiketts in the box, wich shows that  
the South hev but one sentiment.  
Whatever our views is, they are yoo-  
nanimous, and that is all ther is about  
it. Let the North look at our pole  
lists, and the North will git a clear  
idee ez to wat the South reely desires.

I suppose there will be a howl about  
the fact that there was a yoonanimous  
Democratic vote at the Cross-roads,  
when it is well known that there are  
five hundred niggers in the precinct  
wich woud vote the Abolishn, Radikel  
tikett. I suppose that it will be made  
the excoose for another raid and an-  
other demand for violent measures agin  
the sufferin South. Let it be so. Ef  
North supposes that we shal lay  
and let niggers offset our votes

when we want the Southern war debt  
paid, and a system of Southern internal  
improvements inoggeratid, the North  
is mistaken. The Southern Democrat  
knows how to perfect himself. He  
obeys laws, pervided the laws run his  
way.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,  
Statesman.

What Schools Should Teach.

It is a serious fact that the more  
"branches" our schools teach, the less  
the pupils learn. Not only is the time  
so cut up that but little is devoted to  
any one study, but the constant shifting  
from one to another so distracts and  
confuses the pupil that the impressions  
which he receives are apt to be vague  
and fleeting. It is very certain that  
the more a pupil knows the better it  
is for him provided he knows it "cer-  
tain." Our present system of education  
has many warm and earnest defenders,  
persons whose opinions are entitled to  
the highest possible regard; but it is  
nevertheless true that a tree is never  
judged by its fruit, and it is very cer-  
tain that the annual crop of "graduates"  
is not what might reasonably be ex-  
pected, considering the money spent  
upon our schools and our boastful  
claims concerning them. True, the  
pupils have a superficial and "showy"  
knowledge of many things, but thor-  
ough knowledge of any one branch is  
hard to find. Now, the chief object of  
schooling, the rudiments having been  
mastered, is to learn how to learn; but  
our schools, too many of them, are  
teaching how not to learn. The arts  
of drawing and music are taught to a  
certain extent, but the greater art of  
study, the art which enables the pupil  
to concentrate the energies of his  
mind and master the subjects in hand,  
is shamefully neglected. The fact is  
that study, real study, is hard, tiresome,  
exhausting work, and no new-fangled  
"system" or "method" will ever make  
it anything else. The boy that is go-  
ing to really learn algebra, geometry  
or trigonometry has to think—think  
for himself; and that's just what the  
schools rarely teach him to do. It is  
not enough that he should understand  
the solution of a problem, the demon-  
stration of a proposition, or the deriva-  
tion of a formula. That is superfi-  
cial. If he is really to learn, he must  
think out the solution for himself,  
demonstrate the proposition, and have  
as clear a knowledge of why a formula  
is correct as of the formula itself. But  
teaching of this sort takes time, and  
here seems to be the thing which our  
schools lack. To be sure, they have  
all the time there is, but they seek to  
crowd so much into it that it comes  
very short.—[Boston Transcript.]

Sojourner Truth.

A lecture by a woman over 100 years  
old is seldom heard. Nevertheless, one  
was delivered by Sojourner Truth, who  
is proven by legal records to be past  
that age, at Cooper Institute, New  
York, recently. She was dressed in a  
plain alpaca dress and white cape,  
a white lace cap and an old-fashioned  
bonnet covering her head, from be-  
neath which her gray locks shone. She  
sat a few minutes on the platform,  
slowly untying her bonnet strings, in-  
audibly mumbling to herself. When  
she began to speak, every one was as-  
tonished to hear a strong voice, as loud  
as that of a man. She said: "I used  
to open my meetings with prayer, and  
when I couldn't get anybody to do that  
for me, I did it myself." An  
aged lady stepped to the front of the  
platform and prayed. Sojourner con-  
cluded her lecture in this manner:

Now, what I want to tell you to-  
night is this: There are awful times  
comin'. God has given me the fore-  
sight to tell it. These advent people  
say that when Jesus comes again he  
will be flyin' through the air. The Bi-  
ble says that he is comin' like a thief  
in the night, an' you all know thieves  
don't fly in the air. I warn you all to  
be prepared, for he's comin' jist as the  
Bible says, and, bonies, what I want  
to say to you is, have your lamps  
trimmed and burnin' brightly. The aw-  
ful time is near at han'.

A Lunar Rainbow.

It is a fact! The clouds broke away  
in a rift about seven o'clock last even-  
ing, the moon looked complacently  
through, and dozens of baby stars  
winked and twinkled all around her.  
She was then up about forty-five  
degrees, and at about the same altitude  
against a black Western horizon was  
drawn a plain silvery bow about half  
as wide as a sun rain bow. The scene,  
as beautiful as it was rare, lasted about  
five minutes. But if it were stated  
that the rain ceased or slackened one  
minute of that time, or any other time  
that evening, the statement would not  
be true.—[Binghamton Republican.]

"What," the young man asked the  
young woman who was waiting for him  
to ask for his hat, "what do I put you  
in mind of?" "A French clock," she  
said, softly. And pretty soon he arose  
and went on his way. The next morn-  
ing he called upon an eminent horolo-  
gist and asked him what was the dis-  
tinguishing trait of a French clock?  
The horologist said, "Why, it never  
goes," and the young man was sorely  
cast down, and he grieved, and told no  
man of his hurt.—[Burlington Hawk-  
eye.]

An abstract of receipts through the  
Tax Department of the Auditor-Gen-  
eral's office for the month of November,  
1878, completed Wednesday, shows as  
follows: Taxes, etc., \$20 92; redemp-  
tions, \$1,623 62; State bids, etc., \$7,  
697 33; deeds, statements, etc., \$211 97.  
Total, \$9,553 84; being \$3,959 26 more  
than the corresponding month.

A Washington-avenue (St. Louis)  
belle is engaged to a United States Sen-  
ator, a gentleman about forty-five years  
old and very wealthy.

"The man who came home with a  
little piece of bent wire clinging to his  
overcoat collar, promised that such a  
thing should never happen again," re-  
marks the *Piedmont*. Yes, but his  
wife kept harpin' and harpin' about it.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

SOME FACTS SAD AND OTHERWISE.  
MINNIE HAWKS TROUBLES.

Mrs. Dion Boucault and her two  
children arrived Saturday last from  
London direct on the steamship Canada,  
of the National line, and immediately  
joined her husband, at his well-known  
bachelor residence, in East Fifteenth  
Street. There, on that evening, under  
the auspices of Mr. Pinard, he gave a  
welcoming dinner to her, at which  
their mutual friend, the Chevalier Hen-  
ri Wikoff, was present. This happy  
event destroys a score of ill-natured re-  
ports which have lately been circula-  
ted concerning the professional plans  
of Mrs. Boucault in this country. Now,  
what will the gossips do?

At a recent pawnbroker's sale on  
Canal street, among other things bid  
off, was a velvet cloak. As the auc-  
tioneer held it up to view, as many of  
the second-hand dealers, who were  
present *en masse*, as could reach it pass-  
ed their hands over it to test its qual-  
ity, and then the bidding began. It  
was knocked down at 4.75. Being  
permitted to examine the garment  
closely, three initial letters were found  
worked in red sewing-silk on the in-  
side. They suggested at once a name  
which not many years ago used to ap-  
pear on the programme of an up-town  
variety theatre. After considerable  
investigation it was ascertained that  
the cloak had once belonged to a song-  
and-dance girl, whose present where-  
abouts could not be ascertained, but it  
was found that her father, who had  
been a captain in the Union army, was  
at present a letter-carrier.

"Is she dead?" asked the gray-haired  
old man, when her name was mention-  
ed, "I haven't seen her in the last three  
years. She was obliged to give up act-  
ing on account of an accident which  
made her slightly lame, and after that  
she had to seek a situation as sales-  
woman. She was employed in Grand  
street about three months, but she left  
there, and since that time she has never  
been home. I am very much  
afraid that she has gone to the bad."

Inquiry was made at the store. One  
of the firm said that the girl was of  
little or no use as a saleswoman, and  
that after keeping her a few months  
they were obliged to discharge her.  
The superintendent of the ribbon de-  
partment, being spoken to about her  
said: "Why, I remember her perfectly  
well. She died on the island six months  
ago."

So the poor young girl sleeps, while  
the beautiful garments, no doubt the  
price of sin, are hawked about and  
sold to the highest bidder.

Dr. Hammond, who all through pro-  
nounced Mollie Fancher, the Brooklyn  
mind reader and clairvoyant, a hoax,  
is out with a letter in yesterday's World,  
offering to pay \$1,000 to that young  
lady if she will accurately describe a  
check exceeding that same denomina-  
tion and all, which he will place in a  
sealed envelope, the following being  
the only conditions specified.

First.—That the experiment be con-  
ducted in his presence and in that of  
two other physicians, members of the  
New York Neurological Society, whom  
he will bring with him, as witnesses,  
simply, and who will not interfere in  
any way with the test.

Second.—That the envelope shall at  
no time pass out of their sight.

Now here is a chance for Mollie to  
make some money, should the chal-  
lenge be accepted, and counting what  
it costs to board her, she could lay by  
quite a nice little sum.

The letter further says,—I quote the  
doctor's own words:

"These offers to remain open for ac-  
ceptance till twelve o'clock M., Decem-  
ber 31. If not taken up by that time,  
let us hear no more in support of Miss  
Fancher's mind reading or clairvoy-  
ance or living for a dozen or more  
years without food."

Thus says Doctor Hammond, and  
throws down the gauntlet. Whether  
it will be taken up remains to be seen.

Last Friday a contrivance for the  
mechanical saving of the souls of man-  
kind by the use of tin rather than brass,  
the latter of which is practiced among  
the brethren of higher order in this  
city, (I don't mean Mr. Talmage) was  
introduced by a man who appeared  
on Park row wearing a brightly polish-  
ed tin pan, large enough for ordinary  
family baking, with a hole in the bot-  
tom of it to pass his head through.  
An India rubber pipe ran from the  
trough of the pan to the wearer's left  
breast pocket. A large tin helmet  
crowned his head and was surmounted  
with a tin breastplate three feet high.  
A tin star and heart blended, adorned  
the top of the breastplate, the surface  
of which was ornamented with a large  
cross and shield. The sun, moon and  
stars were also visible upon it, and the  
whole was intertwined with the in-  
scriptions such as "I Am the Life,"  
"Ye Shall Live Forever," and "The  
Helmet of Salvation." The last in-  
scription furnished the only clew to the  
meaning of the extraordinary contrivance,  
which was ingeniously balanced  
on the old man's head by a project-  
ing bar which ran down his back and  
bore a heavy weight at the end.

"God's voice! God's word! God's  
work!" he began, as the curious crowd  
pressed close to him to receive the cir-  
culars he was distributing.  
But the crowd gathered thicker and  
faster, and for this the law stepped in  
in the shape of a big policeman, and  
took the prophet, and his tin preserver  
of eternal life, to the Tombs Police  
Court, where after being relieved of  
his armor the man, who gave his name  
as M. L. Winn, was allowed to depart.  
And now just as Minnie Hawk has  
made peace with Mapleson and Deutch  
she finds herself confronted with legal  
difficulties of an unpromising nature,  
that threaten to cost the fair singer an  
amount equal to the remitted fines of  
several weeks. It seems that when  
Pike's Opera-house now the Grand  
Opera-house, was first opened, Miss  
Hawk sang in "L'Etoile du Nord," un-  
der the management of Messrs. Harrison  
and Pike. At the termination of  
her engagement she went to Europe,  
having, as she claims, a balance of \$2,  
000 due her for services. A lawyer by  
the name of Mount undertook to col-

lect this sum, and, after some years of  
litigation, succeeded in obtaining a  
judgment for the amount. Being ap-  
pealed and taken to a higher court,  
however, by some legal technicality,  
the case was lost to him, an adverse de-  
cision rendered, and a bill of costs  
amounting to \$700 was forwarded to  
Miss Hawk. This she refused to pay  
on the ground that she was a minor  
when the suit was begun, and that it  
had been carried on without her  
knowledge. The parties holding the  
claims against her are actively pressing  
them, and yesterday she was threaten-  
ed with immediate arrest if they were  
not satisfied. The case for Miss Hawk  
has been placed in the hands of Col.  
Mapleson's counsel, Assistant District  
Attorney Herriek, and will probably be  
settled at an early date. However  
that may be, Miss Hawk's horoscope  
just at present does not seem to be cast  
in the seventh heaven of professional  
peace. But no doubt she will come  
out with flying colors, for she is a  
plucky little body, and will not be put  
upon with impunity. Currer.

Rearing Wild Birds.

I found it essential to success in  
rearing birds from the nest to watch  
the parent bird and find what food it  
selected for its young. That of all the  
finches, sparrows, and wrens was naked  
skinned worms and grasshoppers.  
The indigo finch, which I at first failed  
to rear, I found was fed solely with  
white grasshoppers, (i. e. with grass-  
hoppers which had just moulted,) after  
which I found it very easy to raise,  
and that it proved to be a very ex-  
cellent cage-bird. All the vireos fed  
readily upon small grasshoppers and  
large-sized worms, and in every case  
died after being fully grown, from my  
inability to make the proper change in  
their food. The finches and sparrows  
would take to seed-eating as soon as  
they left the nest and their bills were  
hardened. Wrens, under my observa-  
tion, fed their young almost exclusiv-  
ely with small, smooth larvae, taken  
from the undersides of the leaves of  
currant bushes, brambles, &c., and I  
have sat for a long time and counted  
the worms brought to a nest, the aver-  
age being five worms in two minutes.  
This was a nest of the common house  
wren, when the supply of food was  
abundant in a neighboring row of cur-  
rant-bushes. These also were easily  
reared in the nest. All the young  
birds took naturally to water when  
fully grown, except the ground or grass  
finch, *Pooecetes gramineus*, which would  
bathe only in fine sand, but would keep  
itself in excellent condition and was a  
very interesting cage-bird. The com-  
mon rice-bird or bobolink was very  
easily raised, fed on young grasshop-  
pers, took to eating seed readily, be-  
came as tame and playful as a kitten  
but when full grown was liable to be-  
come excessively fat, and would then  
often have epileptic fits, recurring at  
frequent intervals, death always fol-  
lowing. The cat-bird was an inveter-  
ate mimic, attempting to do and sing  
whatever it saw or heard done by the  
other birds in its compartment of the  
cage. The wren was a thorough busy-  
body and studious of nature, investigat-  
ing with a very knowing and inquir-  
ing look every corner and crevice of  
the cage and every act of its associates.  
A pair of blue-birds kept themselves  
inviolate from all the other birds, and  
were models and full of lover-like at-  
tentions to each other. They selected  
a place where the pair could perch  
themselves closely together, and spent  
a large part of their time in attentions  
to each other. The nuthatch, when  
full grown, delighted to find a grain of  
Indian corn, which it would push into  
any crack or crevice where it would fit  
closely, and then would amuse itself  
by hammering away at it until it was  
broken into fragments suitable for its  
food. The cow-bird was an inveterate  
gormandizer. It could not be fed  
enough to stop its clamor for more, and  
often so fully crammed was it that the  
last worm or grasshopper stuck in its  
throat, but it would still beg for more,  
as if starving. Taking the offered food  
and finding itself unable to swallow it,  
it would throw it away with a sudden  
jerk of the head, but still ask for more.  
Anything in the shape of animal food  
that it could swallow was gobbled  
down; and this affectation of starva-  
tion, and its large size, sufficiently ex-  
plain the dwarfing of the other occu-  
pants of the nest in which it is a foster-  
child. It would eat or waste all that  
any two birds could gather.—[Science  
News.]

The Late Princess Alice.

Seventeen years have passed away  
since the death of Prince Albert thus  
sadly tested the attachment of millions  
of subjects to the revered occupant of  
the Throne, and now, by a strange co-  
incidence, on that same 14th of Decem-  
ber, and on the same day of the  
week, the hand of death has again  
been laid on the family of our Queen.  
On the former occasion, when the head  
of that happy household was taken  
away from the sight of those who loved  
him, to the widowed Queen, in her  
lonely palace walls, none brought more  
effectual solace than the Princess Alice.  
Owing to the marriage of the Crown  
Princess, she was the eldest daughter  
left at home at the time of the death  
of the lamented Prince Consort. Her  
noble conduct at that trying crisis, both  
in soothing the last hours of her father-  
erand in attempting to sustain and  
console her royal mother, was well  
known and widely commented on at  
the time and gained her a large mea-  
sure of popularity among the British  
people. The Princess Alice, indeed,  
was her father's constant companion  
during his last illness, and her forti-  
tude amazed all the household who  
witnessed it. She saw from the first  
that both her father's and mother's  
firmness depended upon her power of  
bearing up, and she set herself to the  
duty with a strength of purpose beyond  
her years, for she had not attained her  
nineteenth birthday. The Prince loved  
to speak openly of his condition, and  
had many wishes to express. He also  
loved to hear hymns and prayers, and  
the Princess hurried herself to play to  
him his favorite hymns and chorals

when he from time to time requested  
her to do so, heart rending though the  
task might be. The Prince could not  
speak to the Queen of himself, for she  
could not bear to listen, and shut her  
eyes to his danger. Princess Alice  
saw that she must act differently, and  
she never let her voice falter, nor shed  
a single tear in his presence. She sat  
by him, listened to all he said, and then  
when she could bear it no longer, would  
rush away to her room, returning with  
the same calm and pale face without  
any appearance of the agitation she  
had gone through. It is impossible to  
speak too highly of the devotion and  
strength of mind shown by the Prin-  
cess Alice all through these trying  
times. The London Times, in its chron-  
icle of Prince Albert's death, said: "Of  
the devotion and strength of mind  
shown by the Princess Alice all  
through these trying scenes, it is impos-  
sible to speak too highly. Her Royal  
Highness has, indeed, felt that it was  
her place to be a comfort and support  
to her mother in this affliction, and to  
her dutiful care we may perhaps owe  
it that the Queen has borne her loss  
with exemplary resignation and com-  
posure.—[English Paper.]

CLUB LIFE IN NEW YORK.—The  
popular idea that club life is, necessa-  
rily, an expensive mode of life, is not,  
says the New York Times, founded in  
fact. A single man, who studies econ-  
omy, can live at any of the best Fifth-  
avenue clubs for \$800 per annum.  
This will cover breakfast and dinner,  
\$2 per day; yearly dues, \$75; total per  
annum, \$875. For this modest sum he  
lives, actually, at the rate of \$50,000 a  
year. He has all the advantages of an  
establishment such as no individual in  
New York pretends to keep up. He is  
furnished the year round with luxu-  
rious rooms, gas, fire, daily papers,  
magazines, books of reference, the use  
of a library, materials for writing, and  
admirable attendance. He has com-  
mand of regular servants, without hav-  
ing to pay or manage them. He can  
have whatever meal or refreshment he  
wants served up at the shortest notice  
with the comfort and cleanliness of  
the best-appointed private establish-  
ment. He orders just what he chooses,  
having no taste to consult and interest  
to think of, but his own. He can al-  
ways command agreeable society. In  
short, it is impossible to suppose a  
greater degree of liberty in living.  
For from \$6 to \$8 a week a comforta-  
ble room may be had in the neighbor-  
hood of any of the above-named clubs.  
It will thus be seen that for less than  
\$1,200 per annum a single man of  
economical habits can live well and  
luxuriously at the best-appointed club  
in New York city. In point of fact,  
many young gentlemen who ornament  
the bow windows of our up-town  
clubs, and shine in New York society,  
do not spend, all told, more than \$1,600  
per annum; their chief expense, out-  
side of lodgings, breakfasts, dinners  
and washing, being a dress suit and a  
dozen white cravats.

A PICTURE.—Just a picture, old and  
faded, mayhap but the face of one you  
used to love. It is a shadow left of  
the fair features and jetty locks that  
years ago made a niche to itself in  
your heart that none other has ever  
filled. And the sweet shadow is all  
that is left. Long ago you planted  
flowers on a grave and beautified it,  
for there was buried the casket from  
which has passed the subtle some-  
thing that made it so dear to you, called  
life. Kiss the picture, then, and let  
your tears plash upon it, for lo, until  
you journey into a far country you  
shall not see its semblance again.

It is said that the pen is mightier  
than the sword; but for newspaper  
work, give us a good soft pencil and a  
pocket-knife.

Nothing is really troublesome that  
we do willingly.

DETROIT MARKETS.

FLOUR—Choice white..... 4.40 @ 4.75  
Medium..... 4.25 @ 4.35  
Low grades..... 2.85 @ 3.25  
WHEAT—Extra white..... 96 1/2 @ 96 3/4  
No. 1 white..... 93 1/2 @ 93 3/4  
Amber..... 94 @ 94 1/2  
Corn—32 @ 36c per bush.  
OATS—25 @ 27 1/2 c.  
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR—\$4 @ per bbl.  
BARLEY—\$1 25 @ 1 80 per cental for state.  
RYE—48 @ 50c per bush.  
BEANS—Unpicked, 75c @ \$1 00 per bush. Pick-  
ed, \$1 35.  
BUTTER—Prime quality, 12 @ 14. Medium 9 @  
10.  
CIDER—6 @ 7 cents per gallon.  
CHEESE—9 @ 9 1/2 c per lb.  
CRANBERRIES—\$6.00 @ \$8.00 per bbl.  
DRIED APPLES—Old 8 1/2 c, per lb. New 4 @ c.  
DRESSED HOGS—\$3.00 @ \$3.10 per hd.  
EGGS—Fresh 19 @ 20c.  
FRESH FRUITS—Apples, \$1 20 @ 1 60 per bbl.;  
HOPS—New crop selling at 9 @ 12 cts. per lb  
HAY—\$7 00 @ 11 00 per ton.  
HIDES—Green, 5 @ 6c; cured, 7 @ 7 1/2 c.  
HONEY—11 @ 13c.  
POTATOES—55 @ 65c per bush.  
PROVISIONS—Pork Mess, \$8 00 @ 9 00; Lard, 6  
1/2 @ 6 3/4; Smoked Hams, 8 @ 8 1/2 c; Should-  
ers, 6 1/2 @ 6c; Bacon, 7 1/2 c, extra Mess;  
Beef, \$9 25 @ 10 00 per bbl.  
POULTRY—Live Chickens 40 @ 50 per pair;  
Ducks 60 cts per pair; Dressed Chick-  
ens 6 @ 7 cts per lb; Turkeys 8  
cts. per lb.  
SEEDS—Clover \$3.95 @ 4.00 per bushel,  
SALT—Saginaw, 35c @ 1 00 per bbl; Onondaga  
\$1 00; Syracuse dairy 50c per bush.  
SHEEP SKINS—75 cts to \$1.50.  
WOOL—\$3 50 @ 5 75 per cord.  
FURS—Badger, 10 to 75 cts; Bear, \$1 to \$7;  
Beaver, 40 cts to \$1.50; Cat, 7 to 40 cts;  
Deer, 15 to 18 cts per lb; Elk  
and Moose, 8 cts per lb.; Fisher,  
25 cts to \$7; Fox, 10 cts to \$30; Lynx,  
15 cts to \$1 50; Marten 10c to \$2.50;  
Mink 5 to 50 cts.; Muskrat 3 to 10 cts.;  
Opossum 3 to 10 cts.; Otter 2 cts. to \$5;  
Raccoon 5 to 70 cts.; Skunk 5 to \$1 00;  
Wolf 15 cts to \$2.00.  
A large lot of poor cattle were offered at  
King's. Choice cattle would bring last week's  
prices, but the poorer grades sold for 25 cts  
per head less. Among the sales were: 2 extra  
steers, av 1,345 lbs, at \$4 50; 2 do, av 1,270 lbs,  
at \$4 25; 2 do, av 1,360 lbs, at \$4 50; 2 do,  
heifers, av 1,245 lbs, at \$4 36; 1 do, weighing  
1,640 lbs, at \$4 50; 2 choice steers, av 1,245 lbs,  
at \$3 50; 9 cows and bulls, av 1,025 lbs, at \$2;  
3 bulls, av 1,320 lbs, at \$2 25.  
The offerings of sheep consisted of three  
lots which brought last week's prices. Sales  
were: 161, av 87 lbs, at \$3 35; 25, av 80 lbs, at  
\$3 50; 36 choice (long wools), av 124 lbs, at  
\$4 40.  
Of goats only two lots were offered, one of 28  
heads, av 200 lbs, sold at \$2 55, and 37, av 347  
lbs, at \$2 47 1/2.

Not the Goose for Her Set.

From the London World.  
I was riding with Charles Dickens  
one day when he suddenly woke the  
echoes with one of his bursts of laugh-  
ter. On my asking with the smile of  
anticipation, what the joke was, he  
took from his pocket a letter just re-  
ceived from Harriet Martineau, who  
was staying at Tynemouth for her  
health, and who had noted the follow-  
ing incident of life in lodgings: In the  
same house as the authoress were so-  
journing a good-natured woman, com-  
fortable in person and in circumstances,  
and not a little vulgar, and, on the  
floor above, a lady in delicate health,  
of straitened income, but of distin-  
guished connections, as she proclaimed  
to the Tynemouth world. As Mrs. A.  
below was sitting down one day all  
alone to her midday dinner of roast  
goose, it seemed to the good old soul  
that even her enjoyment of so excellent  
a bird would be increased by partici-  
pation with the solitary, sickly, and ill-  
fated Mrs. B. above; she therefore cut  
some delicate slices from the breast  
and sent them up between two hot  
plates, accompanied by sage and onions  
and gravy, and her compliments, by the  
hands of Betty, the maid. There was  
an ominous, an awful pause of some  
duration, and then Betty came down  
again, paler, with the luncheon un-  
touched between the two plates, and  
on the top of them the note which was  
to this effect, verbatim: "Mrs. B. will  
thank Mrs. A. to disseminate her  
goose in her own sphere."

DETROIT  
GIFT  
TEA STORE

Opposite Post Office, Ypsilanti, Mich.

—PRESENTS OF—

Glassware,  
Lamps,  
Casters,  
Vases, etc.

Given to purchasers of Tea and Coffee. Ex-  
amine our Goods and Prices.

Teas from 25 cts., Coffees  
from 20 cts.

SPLENDID 50 cent TEA.

One trial will prove our goods as  
cheap and good as any in the city; be-  
sides, you get a handsome present with  
each pound of 50ct Tea or 23ct Coffee  
purchased. Opposite the Post Office,  
Ypsilanti, Mich.

H. R. RANKIN.

749

Cracked Wheat.  
Granulated Hominy  
Oat Meal.

FRESH SUPPLY JUST RECEIVED

I invite the attention of householders  
to the above named articles, especially  
Cracked Wheat and Granulated Hom-  
iny as they have not before been intro-  
duced here in this form. Please call  
at No. 15 Congress St. and No. 4 Ma



Janet's Hair.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Oh, loosen the snood that you wear, Janet,  
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet;  
For the world to me has no daintier sight  
Than your brown hair behind your shoulders  
white.  
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet.  
It was brown, with a golden gloss, Janet,  
It was finer than silk of the flower, my pet;  
'Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your  
waist;  
'Twas a thing to be braided, and jeweled and  
kissed;  
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.  
My arm was the arm of a clown, Janet,  
It was sinewy, bristled and brown my pet;  
But warmly and softly it loved to caress  
Your round, white neck, and your wealth of  
tress.  
Your beautiful, plenty of hair, my pet.  
Your eyes had a swimming gloss, Janet—  
Revealing the dear old story, my pet!  
They were grey with the chastened tinge of  
the sky,  
When the trout leaps quickest to catch the fly,  
And they matched with your golden hair, my  
pet.  
Your lips—but I have no words, Janet—  
They were fresh as the twitter of birds my pet;  
When the Spring is young and the roses are  
wet.  
With dew drops in each red bosom set,  
And they suited your golden brown hair; my  
pet.  
Oh! you tangled my life in your hair, Janet!  
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet;  
But so gentle the bondage, my soul did im-  
plore  
The right to continue a slave evermore,  
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my  
pet.  
Thus ever I dream that you were, Janet,  
With your lips, and your eyes, and your hair,  
my pet.  
In the darkened and desolate years I moan,  
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone  
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

Song.

There's a garden by a river,  
Where the grasses bend and quiver  
On the river's reedy edges,  
Rose crimson all the hedges,  
And a leafy lane runs down  
Through the meadows to a town,  
In a winding way.  
But where lies that garden blowing,  
Where the river stilly flowing,  
And the lawn through meadows going,  
I shall never say.

Something fairer than a rose  
In that unknown garden grows.  
Something sweeter than the rhyme  
Sung by birds in lilac-time,  
Fairer than a dream of youth,  
Though all lost to care and ruth,  
Something with a heart like May;  
Rose and lily all in one;  
Golden hair caught from the sun;  
Eyes with laughter over-run.  
What? I'll never say.

Dreamy face and rosy mouth,  
Breath like spring winds from the south,  
Eyes disclosing more than lies  
Hedged beneath the bended skies  
Of a day in May.  
So, when days grow longer, sweeter,  
Grow the rare June hours completer;  
And the winter's time for snowing  
Leaves the June winds change for blowing.  
I will seek this garden; growing  
Where I'll never say.

—Scribner for December.

A HOLIDAY FLIRTATION.

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

It wanted a week of Christmas when  
Harry Enwood stood before the fire  
in the sitting-room of his handsome  
college chambers, holding in his hand  
the first Christmas gift he had received.  
It was not a very valuable one in-  
trinsically—only a woman's picture.

A finely executed photograph of the  
handsomest woman of her day.

Two months before this, Harry had  
been chatting with his most intimate  
friend, Frank Loftus. Frank had  
graduated last summer, was a year  
ahead of Harry in college and the two  
were discussing a topic which perhaps  
is somewhat prone to occupy the un-  
dergraduate mind—matrimony.

"I have never seen a perfectly beau-  
tiful woman," said Harry, with that  
lofty air of having quite exhausted the  
world, which youths of one-and-twenty  
occasionally affect.

"Haven't you?" queried his compan-  
ion; "I fancied you had discovered a  
dozen beauties in the last three years.  
There was Amy Brown two seasons  
ago, and blue-eyed Fanny, and lately  
Rose Merton."

"Pretty girls, all pretty girls, but no  
more," said Harry with an airy waive  
of the hand. "I should never think of  
taking any one of them for my wife."

"Then you don't intend to marry  
Rose Merton?"

"Harry Rose Merton?" Harry re-  
peated with a shrug, "decidedly not."

"Rather hard on Rose, my boy," said  
Frank, with a look of annoyance cross-  
ing his open brow. "I'm afraid she is  
very spooney in your direction, and I  
don't know that I think it is quite the  
correct thing to be such a flirt as you  
are."

Harry laughed gayly. "There, there,  
Frank, don't moralize; it doesn't suit  
you! I can't think that I've done any  
harm that the next good-looking fellow  
can't repair. These girls are all very  
well to amuse one's self with, but I  
shall never marry till I can find a per-  
fectly beautiful woman, such a divine  
creature, you know, as poets describe  
and artists paint."

"Not very easy to find I fancy," said  
Frank, with a shake of the head. "And  
if found not very easy to capture, I  
take it. However," he added after a  
moment of reflection, "I have seen one  
perfectly beautiful woman, and I think  
I can show you at least a picture of  
her."

And this was the promised likeness.  
It had come inclosed in a brief note  
from Frank.

"I send you as a Christmas present  
the portrait I pledged my word you  
should have. An unflattering likeness  
of the handsomest woman in America.  
Come and pass your holidays with us,  
she will be here."

What a face it was upon which the  
young man stood gazing spell-bound,  
as if already the subtle witchery there  
was about that woman had begun its  
work. The features were delicate and  
finely cut, the figure so far as outlined  
perfect, the soft hair falling in profuse  
and shining masses about the graceful

head. But there was something be-  
yond all these dainty details that made  
up the highest charm of this fascinat-  
ing presence. It was in the wonderful  
expression that harmonized all these  
pretty outlines, that the subtle attrac-  
tion lay. The eyes were alight with  
the glow of an unusual intelligence,  
and around the exquisite mouth there  
lurked the gleam of a marvelous smile.

Harry studied the perfect face with  
a long, intent gaze, finally depositing  
the picture in a handsome frame on  
his mantel. It looked out at him from  
thence all the evening, watching him  
with laughing eyes as he sat smoking  
before the fire, and floating in airy out-  
lines through the gray clouds that cur-  
led upward from the tip of his cigar.  
Nor did its unsubstantial companion-  
ship cease there. Its dainty beauty  
haunted his dreams.

A few days later, and Harry, still  
under the spell of that picture, stood  
in the large parlor of the handsome  
country home of Frank Loftus, and  
was being presented to his mother and  
father and half a dozen guests.

She was not among them; Harry saw  
that at a glance. There was a tall and  
pretty Miss Loftus, whom at any other  
time he would have been ready at once  
to fall down and worship. There was  
a gay looking little brunette, Miss Mur-  
ray, who was evidently already well  
established in a flirtation with Tom  
Leighton, a classmate of Frank's; there  
was also a nice quiet looking Miss Gray,  
but none of these were the radiant lady  
whose picture now lay next Harry's  
foolish young heart.

It was not till they were just going  
in to dinner that the divinity glided in-  
to the room. A divinity, indeed, one  
of those rare creatures that society  
sees only once in a generations and who  
are queens by right more divine than  
coronation oil can give.

A lady of the most refined type, a  
wit of the most sparkling order, and a  
beauty of the most perfect style; such  
was the dangerous combination that  
met in Edith Lyman. More than all  
these, and perhaps most dangerous in  
its power of fascination, was an amia-  
bility that rendered her only too ready  
to please, and a love of mischief that  
made her a little reckless in the use of  
her marvelous powers of attraction.

"Mr. Enwood, Mrs. Lyman."

Frank pronounced the words in a  
formal tone, as if it were an everyday  
affair; and Harry, as in a trance,  
found himself walking beside the lady  
of whom he had dreamed for the last  
week. She was even more lovely than  
he had thought; the loving face all  
aglow with life, and color, and anima-  
tion, so far transcending the photo-  
graph, handsome as that was.

She was as brilliant in conversation,  
too, as she was in beauty, and the whole  
inspiration of the chat about the din-  
ner table seemed to come from her.  
Before the meal was over, Harry was  
a slave, bound hand and foot, and wild  
to know something more of his captor.  
Frank had appeared to curiously evade  
his questions, and he besieged upon  
Tom Leighton at the first available  
moment after dinner.

"Leighton!" he cried, swooping down  
upon that young gentleman as he  
turned out on to the piazza for a smoke.  
"Leighton, tell me something about  
Mrs. Lyman. How long has she been  
a widow?"

Tom hugely relished a joke, and his  
companion's enthusiasm seemed to  
amuse him vastly.

"Hard hit already!" he said. "That's  
quick work, Enwood."

Harry flushed uncomfortably under  
the merry glance of his companion.

"Don't chaff a fellow," he implored;  
"but tell me something about the lady."

"First, then, she is rich; second, she is  
beautiful; that you don't need to be  
told; thirdly, which is, perhaps, more  
important in your case, she is an awful  
flirt."

"And her husband?"

"Was a wholesale grocer, who made  
a heap of money in lard and such de-  
lectables."

"Where does she live?"

"In New York, of course; doesn't  
she look the metropolitan belle all  
over? Have you done your catech-  
ism?"

"Very nearly. One likes to know  
something of the people one is staying  
with," said Harry, with a sudden as-  
sumption of indifference.

"Oh, certainly, certainly," replied  
Tom, carelessly. "Then, becoming seri-  
ous, he added, 'Look here, Enwood,  
don't go too far in that quarter; it  
won't be of any use.'"

"I don't know as to that," said Har-  
ry, twisting his dainty mustache. "I  
suppose there'll be no harm in trying."

"Do you mean to say," asked Leigh-  
ton, facing round upon his companion  
suddenly; "do you mean to say, En-  
wood, you would like to court her?"

"Why not?"

"Why, Lord, man, she's five years  
older than you, and thousands richer."

"I don't care for the age," replied  
Harry, magnanimously; "and as for  
the money, I am not a pauper myself."

Tom Leighton looked at his hand-  
some companion for a moment, and  
then burst into a ringing laugh.

Harry turned upon him half resent-  
fully, and then, disarmed by the good-  
natured merriment of his face, made  
no reply, but walked into the house,  
just as the door opened and Frank  
stepped out.

"What's the joke?" he cried, com-  
ing up to Leighton. "What are you  
two laughing about?"

"I believe I'm the only one that is  
laughing," replied Tom. "And it's  
such a go! Here's Enwood already so  
in love with Mrs. Lyman that he would  
like to propose to-night."

"So soon!" exclaimed Frank. "It  
would be only fair to warn him;  
wouldn't it, Tom?"

"Oh, no, don't," said Leighton, going  
off into another fit of laughter; "it  
will be such a lark to watch the affair,  
and he deserves a lesson, too; he has  
been such a flirt himself."

"Yes," assented Frank, remembering  
the Rose Merton affair. "Perhaps he  
does. Well, I never spoil sport."

As if to prove that his assurance  
had not been without foundation,  
when the two young men finally re-  
turned to the parlor they found Harry  
hanging over Mrs. Lyman's chair in

devoted attendance upon the beauty,  
who seemed not displeased at his at-  
tentions.

However, presently some one sug-  
gested that, as it was Christmas eve,  
they should lay aside dignity and have  
some games, and Mrs. Lyman started  
up from her place and joined in the  
sport with a heartiness of merriment  
that was perfectly contagious. Shortly  
every one in the room, even Mr. and  
Mrs. Loftus, were joining in a romping  
game, which went on amid peals of  
laughter, and Harry, who somehow  
did not think it at all the thing to be so  
jovial when sentiment should prepon-  
derate, found himself, in spite of his  
endeavors to remain dignified, going  
through all sorts of absurd perfor-  
mances at the bidding of this fairy.

The next day all assembled at the  
breakfast table with something of the  
solemnity of the great festival upon  
them; and later, when the party went  
to church, Harry had an opportunity  
of indulging in sentimental reveries to  
his heart's content as he walked by  
Mrs. Lyman through the snowy village  
street, and, truth to tell, his devotions  
during the service were paid rather to  
an earthly than a heavenly shrine.

Later in the day came the great din-  
ner, to which several additional guests  
were invited, and again Mrs. Lyman's  
sparkling wit gave zest to the feast.  
When they were all assembled in the  
big drawing-room an hour later, Mr.  
Loftus produced a sudden stillness by  
rapping on the table and commanding  
attention.

"I have here," he said, "ladies and  
gentlemen, a Christmas present that  
has been sent me from England. I re-  
ceive a similar one every year from a  
friend who resides there. It is one in  
whose benefits all may share, how-  
ever."

With a merry twinkle in his eye, he  
untied the parcel in his hand, and dis-  
played a green spray.

"This," said he, "is a mistletoe  
bough. Who will help to hang it up?"

Harry and Tom started forward to  
assist Frank, and amid much clapping  
of hands and merry laughter the  
branch was suspended from the chan-  
delier.

"Now," cried Frank, "for a dance.  
I need not remind the gentlemen of  
the privileges which lurk beneath the  
shelter of this graceful spray—take  
your partners, gentlemen, and remem-  
ber, none but the brave deserve the  
fair."

There was a general rush for com-  
panions in the dance, and Harry in hot  
haste secured Mrs. Lyman.

The room was presently full of  
whirling waltzers, and he who could  
pilot his partner beneath the mistletoe  
was not slow in demanding the forfeit  
kiss. This, however, was somehow  
more than Harry could accomplish,  
without seeming to exert any strength,  
and with a mischievous smile parting  
those rosy lips, Mrs. Lyman contrived,  
in spite of Harry's utmost endeavors,  
always to evade the middle of the  
room.

Exhausted and breathless as he re-  
leased her, at last he pouted out, "are  
you resolved not to favor me, Mrs.  
Lyman?"

And she answered a little haughtily,  
"I am resolved not to favor you, Mr.  
Enwood."

There was no more to be said, and  
Harry, in a sudden access of despair,  
rushed out on to the piazza and paced  
up and down, as if he thought the cold  
snow and calm starlight might cool the  
fever in his veins.

He was recalled presently by Frank's  
voice, "Harry, Harry, where are you?  
Come in, we are going to cut the  
Christmas cake, and you must have a  
slice."

Harry went back to see the huge  
cake cut that contained a ring, the  
fortunate finder to be permitted to  
choose a queen for the holidays.

There was a great shout when Harry,  
as he broke his piece, held up to view  
the ring. With a flushed, eager face  
he hurried to Mrs. Lyman.

"What for me?" she asked, looking  
a little puzzled. "Oh, no."

"Yes, yes," whispered Harry, eagerly.  
"Please take it; you alone deserve to  
be queen."

She looked about the group with a  
questioning glance. They were all  
laughing, and Frank, bending toward  
her, said:

"Yes, cousin Edith, take it."

Harry pressed toward her, holding  
out the circlet. "Please let me put it  
on," he urged.

She looked up at his eager face with  
a curious smile. "Presently," she  
said, "since you all insist. But, Mr.  
Enwood, don't you think it had better  
be washed first?"

There was another cry of delight  
from the crowd, and Harry blushed at  
his blunder as he stumbled away with  
his prize.

However, he was comforted when,  
late in the evening, the ring having  
been thoroughly cleansed, the lovely  
lady permitted him to slip it on her  
slender finger with some passionate  
words of compliment.

This gave him a certain right to be  
her attendant, which everyone seemed  
to acknowledge, and he was by common  
consent permitted, in the days that  
followed, to take his place constantly  
by Mrs. Lyman's side.

And what days they were to Harry!  
Days of enchantment and intoxication.  
Never had there been such beautiful  
winter sunshine, never such glorious  
sleigh-rides, never such long evenings  
of bliss.

"They jest at scars that never felt a  
wound."

Harry had heretofore only laughed  
at the sorrows of lovers, but he found  
himself now feeling a sudden sym-  
pathy with the stories of those who  
had fallen under the power of the re-  
lentless boy god.

However, this sort of thing could  
not go on always; Harry was to leave  
the day after New Year's, and before  
that he must know his fate. He was  
very young, remember, and his precipi-  
tancy may therefore be forgiven him.

It was the afternoon of New Year's  
eve, when Harry, coming in from a  
stroll he had been taking with Frank,  
found Mrs. Lyman alone in the library.  
It was a rare chance; in that crowded  
household he had never before been  
absolutely alone with her, and his heart

beat with sudden excitement as he re-  
alized the significance of the situation.

"Your wife! Mr. Enwood, what are  
you thinking of! Why, I have been  
married five years! My husband will  
be here this evening!"

Harry never exactly knew how he  
got out of the room, but he did, and  
out of the house, too, and was rushing  
furiously toward the railroad station,  
when he was met by Tom Leighton.

"Halloa! Enwood," he cried, "where  
are you going?"

"Home by the next train," replied  
Harry, pulling his hat over his eyes.  
"And by the way, Leighton, I wish  
you would just pack up my traps and  
send them after me."

"Why, Lord, man, what are you in  
such a hurry about?"

She sat near the fire with a book in  
her lap; the light was beginning to  
grow gray outside, and the soft glow of  
the flames lit up her perfect figure and  
graceful head.

"All alone!" stammered Harry, as  
he drew a chair near her.

"All alone as you see," she replied,  
with a gentle smile.

"You seem always so merry that I  
can scarcely realize you are ever lone-  
ly," said Harry, his voice trembling  
with an agitation he could not conceal.

She looked at him with a little sur-  
prise. "I suppose every one is lonely  
sometimes," she said.

"Oh, Mrs. Lyman—oh, Edith, I wish  
you would let me be your companion  
for life," cried Harry, impetuously.

"I didn't understand you," the  
words were spoken somewhat coldly,  
but Harry was too far gone to take  
warning, and rushed madly to his fate.

"I know I am younger than you," he  
said; "that I seem only a boy, perhaps,  
but no man can love you as fondly, as  
madly as I do, and if you will be my  
wife—"

He stopped short, for the lady had  
started to her feet with unmistakable  
anger in her eyes.

"I must go," he replied, sullenly.  
Then he turned upon Tom, fiercely.  
"See here, Leighton," he said, "why did  
you tell me that Mrs. Lyman was a  
widow?"

"I didn't say she was a widow," Tom  
replied, making a desperate effort to  
suppress a mischievous smile. "You  
asked me about her husband, and I said  
he was a wholesale grocer; so he was,  
for he retired from business some  
years ago."

"But no one else ever spoke of him,"  
said Harry, slowly.

I dare say not, my dear fellow; peo-  
ple are not very likely to talk about  
pretty women's husbands. But there,  
don't go off in this unceremonious  
fashion. Frank will cut up rough  
about it if you do."

However, Harry would only modify  
his resolution so far as to go back to  
the house, pack his valise, and make  
some show of a respectable leave-tak-  
ing to his kind hosts.

He had been very hard hit, and he  
did not care to have any one laugh at  
his wounds. It is to be hoped that he  
had learned a wholesome lesson in his  
holiday flirtation.

Skating.

Was there ever so delicious a pas-  
time? It is the very coronation of  
sports. How easily the body of the  
skilled skater swings along. How  
gracefully his form sways to the curve  
he cuts. How suavely the physique  
yields to the deft movement. No  
thought; no care. The foot, armed  
with its blade of steel, lifts and places  
itself with the careless and easy per-  
fection of habit. The ankle knows no  
tremor, the back no convulsive start;  
there is no catching of the balance, no  
nervousness of action; but perfectly  
poised, the skater sails on as easily as  
the lazily moving falcon when he comes  
blown across the meadow level by the  
pressure of a rising breeze. But the  
skater, like any other artist, has his  
moods. The motion that we had been  
admiring, because of the graceful in-  
dolence of it, suddenly changes. Look!  
see how he flies. He darts; he shoots;  
he flashes over the ice. How the plates  
ring! How the white foam spurts as  
the edged steel cleaves its swift line  
along the green surface! How the  
pond resounds to the shock of the rapid  
strokes until the frosty shore echoes it!  
See him vault into the air. Is he  
winged? Can he fly? Did the gust  
lift him upward and whirl him about  
like a leaf? See him come! Can a  
body of flesh and blood fly like that?  
Or is he a spirit blown by the energy of  
invisible winds? Can a bar of steel  
lashed to the foot, make a man like an  
eagle? Stopped! How did he stop?  
Why, a bird cannot stop without a  
curve or an upward swoop to its flight,  
but he, that skater there, in the midst  
of his career, when an arrow could not  
catch him, lifted his foot, struck the  
ice one blow, and stood!

Another mood: Behold him sweep  
the circumference of the huge circle  
from shore to shore. Even as the eagle  
begins to soar, drawing a circle  
whose diameter is a full thousand feet  
and on this builds his aerial spiral,  
narrowing his circles as he rises, until  
above the passing cloud he makes the  
apex of the mighty cone, and stands hov-  
ering, so this skater, as he swings lazily  
around, draws in the lines of his  
movement, until, lifted upon the toe of  
his skate, he stands at the centre of his  
circle, spinning. Ah! me! where are  
my skates?—Golden Rule.

A writer in the New York Sun tells  
about the salaries of Beecher and Tal-  
mage. This year probably nets Beecher  
\$20,000, and Talmage \$10,000 or \$12-  
000. It is claimed, however, that the  
best of Beecher's money-harvest has  
passed. What is there wrong about  
ministers making money? It is right  
for them to do so up to a certain point.  
They should be men among men. They  
feed the religious sentiments—just as  
real a part of mankind as that part  
which the grocer or butcher feeds, and  
just as necessary to be brought out and  
developed. There is no true manhood  
unless that part of our nature is  
brought out, which the ministry is  
especially designed to feed. It is as  
legitimate, therefore, that the preacher  
should make money, in all reason, as  
that the incumbents of any other de-  
partment of life should do so.

THE HOUSEHOLD

Too Much Cooking.

Good living does not consist of too  
great variety of food. True epicurean-  
ism is true living, and that is a few  
good dishes and regular meals. A dozen  
courses mixed up and shaken together  
is not the fine art of eating, and a few  
recipes in one household are enough  
for any well regulated family. A few  
good dishes well cooked and nicely  
served are just what Americans want  
to learn. First, we will say, a cup  
of coffee, then a cup of tea, then to  
broil a steak, then to bake a loaf of  
bread, or reversed, let the bread and  
steak come first, then the tea and cof-  
fee. Now a cook that can do these  
four things well, can, very likely, do  
the balance. One kind of meat is bet-  
ter than three or four, and two kinds  
is enough for any one. A bill of fare  
we always avoid with its perfect av-  
alanche of mass and mess. Simplicity is  
not monotony, but change every day  
if you please, and have a good dinner  
every day, but don't pile it up of every  
thing there is in the market all at one  
time. We know a good lady in Massa-  
chusetts who was highly esteemed for  
her knowledge of cooking codfish;  
and how we did like a dinner with  
that kind old aunt. No French cook  
could ever touch that style of serving  
codfish. It was abundant in quantity,  
of high quality, rich and tastily served,  
and these are the secrets of good liv-  
ing. Many people crowd themselves  
with cook-books and recipes, but the  
best way is to learn to cook a few  
things well and have a succession of  
good things in their season. We want  
better cooking and a few wholesome  
dishes at each meal.

Pottery and Porcelain.

It is quite evident that the china  
mania, so called, is something more  
than a mere amusement. It is a fine  
art and one in which there will be  
found a vast deal of instruction as well  
as family amusement and interest.  
We commend its importance to all  
home circles. By its study one be-  
comes acquainted with not only the art  
products of ancient nations, but with  
those of modern America; it brings  
to view the artisanship of all nations  
since the first days of creation. It is  
a subject that also seems bound to in-  
terest modern life by joining it with the  
past.

It is not a subject in which we make  
any pretension to knowledge and ef-  
ficiency,—we are merely a student—but  
it is easy to be seen that it is one which  
it is safe to introduce to the American  
household and homestead. Books on  
this subject are not mere extravagance  
Pottery and the study of porcelain may  
enoble and enrich one's nature as  
much as the study of sculpture, paint-  
ing or engraving. It is a subject that  
may be brought home to every home,  
rich or poor. We do not despise the  
love of it—rather we honor and esteem  
it. The *Critic* truly says: "In every  
age and every country, men, civilized  
and savage, have found pottery a more  
universal necessity even than clothing.  
The art of making and beautifying it  
has advanced civilization, and its re-  
mains are the most valuable measures  
of that advance which the student of  
history finds. Books on ceramic art  
should be read by all, for there is no  
other art whose history is so closely in-  
terwoven with the history of the hu-  
man race."

In 1856, from the fact that one of the  
Whig candidates in Atlanta was a  
butcher, the ticket was called "the  
butcher's ticket." The Whigs accepted  
the title and printed their tickets in  
red with a big blue hog on each, and  
the inscription, "Go the whole hog!"  
and on the day of election the workers  
turned out in procession, marched to  
the poles squealing and grunting and  
won the election.

RAILROADS.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

MAIN LINE.

Time Table—Nov. 10, 1878.

| GOING WEST.         | *Mail | *Day  | *J'n           | *P'nc | *Exp'n |
|---------------------|-------|-------|----------------|-------|--------|
|                     | Exp.  | Exp.  | Exp.           | Exp.  | Exp.   |
|                     | A. M. | A. M. | P. M.          | P. M. | P. M.  |
| Detroit.....Lv      | 7 00  | 9 35  | 4 45           | 9 50  | 6 20   |
| G. T. Junction..... | 7 15  | 10 00 | 5 00           | 10 10 | 6 35   |
| Wayne Junction..... | 7 45  | 10 25 | 5 32           | 10 42 | 7 05   |
| Ypsilanti.....      | 8 10  | 10 45 | 6 00           | 11 04 | 7 30   |
| Ann Arbor.....      | 8 30  | 11 00 | 6 20           | 11 24 | 7 50   |
| Dexter.....         | 8 55  | 11 25 | 6 45           | 11 44 | 8 10   |
| Chelsea.....        | 9 15  | 11 45 | 7 05           | 12 04 | 8 30   |
| Grass Lake.....     | 9 47  | 12 17 | 7 33           | 12 36 | 8 50   |
| Jackson.....Ar      |       | P. M. |                | A. M. |        |
| Jackson.....Lv      |       |       | 8 00           |       |        |
| Albion.....         | 10 20 | 12 15 | 12 45          | 9 40  |        |
| Marshall.....       | 11 04 | 12 48 | 1 23           | 10 33 |        |
| Marshall.....       | 11 50 | 1 30  | 1 45           |       |        |
| Battle Creek.....   | 12 19 | 1 55  | *K'al.<br>Accm | 1 10  | 11 00  |
| Galesburg.....      | 12 52 |       |                | 1 45  | 12 00  |
| Kalamazoo.....      | 1 13  | 2 38  | A. M.          | 2 53  | 12 25  |
| Lawton.....         | 1 54  |       | 4 05           |       | 1 06   |
| Decatur.....        | 2 11  |       | 5 20           |       | 1 23   |
| Decatur.....        | 2 31  |       | 5 40           |       | 1 43   |
| Niles.....          | 3 05  | 4 07  | 6 30           | 4 15  | 2 33   |
| Buchanan.....       | 3 19  |       | 6 43           |       | 2 54   |
| Three Oaks.....     | 3 49  |       | 7 13           |       | 3 24   |
| New Buffalo.....    | 4 07  | 4 57  | 7 28           |       | 3 42   |
| Michigan City.....  | 4 30  | 5 20  | 7 55           | 5 30  | 4 10   |
| Lake.....           | 5 13  | 6 02  | 8 40           | 6 19  | 5 05   |
| Washington.....     | 5 30  | 6 20  | 8 50           | 6 36  | 5 22   |
| Chicago.....        | 6 50  | 7 40  | 10 30          | 8 00  | 6 43   |
|                     | P. M. | P. M. | A. M.          | A. M. | P. M.  |



